

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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Useless Missions.

GENERAL BUTLER has carried, in Committee of the Whole, in the House of Representatives, a very important amendment to the Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, which we hope will be sustained when the bill comes up for final action. Or, rather, we hope not only that his amendment will be sustained, but made more sweeping. As reported in the newspapers, General Butler proposes to consolidate the

missions to Columbia, Venezuela, and Ecuador in a single mission, and to unite those to Nicaragua, Honduras, San Salvador, and Costa Rica. He should have gone further, and included Guatemala in the latter group, and he should have proposed the total suppression of the mission to Bolivia, with which our trade in 1866 (the latest report), was \$45,817, or about six times the amount of our Minister's salary. We doubt the propriety of putting Venezuela, with which we have a trade of

about four millions, with Columbia; but Ecuador, with which our commerce in 1866 was only \$32, may very well be grouped with Columbia, or ignored entirely.

General Butler might also have gone further in his proposed reform, and moved the abolition of the missions to Uruguay and Paraguay, or, rather, their consolidation with that to the Argentine Republic. Each of these missions costs us \$7,500 in cash, and most of them—regard being had to the manner in which they

have been filled—a sensible loss in national credit and character. We have indicated no less than eight entirely superfluous missions, the suppression of which would save the country \$60,000 a year—an item, we should think, worthy of the attention of a retrenching Congress.

The demagogical attempt of Mr. Fernando Wood to get the appropriation for a mission to Rome restored, we are glad to see was rejected, as we hope every proposition, of what-



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ever kind, making an appeal to any religious class may always be. And we only regret that General Butler, or some one else, did not apply the pruning-knife to our overgrown diplomatic establishment in Europe. The missions to Belgium, Holland, and Denmark, ought to be abolished, or attached to that of Paris or Berlin, while Portugal and Switzerland should be disposed of in some similar manner. The missions to Greece and Turkey—one certainly, perhaps both—are utterly superfluous.

The suggestions we have made have, we believe, been substantially incorporated in a bill presented to the Senate "To provide for retrenchment and greater efficiency in the Diplomatic and Consular Service of the United States," by Senator Patterson, of New Hampshire. This is an elaborate bill, and one not likely to be fully discussed or adopted at this session. The only safe way, therefore, to get rid of the present abuses and extravagances in the diplomatic service, is to refuse appropriations in cases where the public interest is not promoted by making them. The time is favorable, for, once the prospective Secretary of State gets patronage in his hands, he will not willingly give it up.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper for 1869.

THIS Journal, now in the fourteenth year of its existence, has achieved a popularity based wholly upon its merits, and stands to-day at the head of its class of journalism in this country.

We have determined for the future to assume for the Newspaper the highest tone, and to avoid catering for those who value a picture simply in view of its sensational effects. Nothing that can offend good taste or that appeals to a morbid appetite for pictured horrors will be found in its columns, and it can take its place upon the drawing-room table without fear of disturbing the purest moral atmosphere, or the most refined sentiment.

The resources of the establishment, gathered from every available quarter, and strengthened by a long experience of the wants of the public, enable us to promise, for the current year, such improvement in all the departments of the paper as will put the seal upon the bond of good feeling between the people and this their favorite journal.

We particularly call attention to the fact that we have, with extraordinary pains, secured the services of several distinguished and world-known scientific writers, who will contribute to the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a series of instructive articles, elaborately illustrated. Still, while exploring more fully than heretofore the field of science and art, we shall not depart from the original intention of this journal—to illustrate the news of the day.

Whatever may occur in any part of the country, let us say in any quarter of the globe, of general interest to our country-people, that event, and the scenes and personages identified with it, will be found pictured in our columns.

To accomplish this, we spare no pains or expense, and we have at our command, in men and machinery, and in watchfulness, energy, and enterprise, all that is requisite to be the first in the field, and to fulfill our mission faithfully and well.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is, therefore, a pictorial record of men, manners, and events; of history, political, social, and industrial; of all that transpires worthy a place in the thoughts of the American people.

Partisanship it will seek rather to avoid than to entertain, but will also take an impartial view of political situations, frankly, independently, and with the intention to be just and true to its convictions.

In its sphere, it will be acknowledged, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has done good service in the cause of reform. American households will not forget that it exposed and gave the deathblow to the *Swiss Milk* outrage, and many have been the errors and abuses that it has corrected.

In that respect, the value of a fearless and faithful Illustrated Newspaper cannot be over-estimated. Its pictures appeal immediately and forcibly to the masses, and carry the point with popular sentiment where written statements, theories and arguments would fail.

As companions at the winter fireside, Frank Leslie's Publications have not their peers. The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, apart from its attractive engravings, in every number has wealth of literary matter—original and selected—poetry, romance, and all that the press affords for the entertainment and instruction of young and old.

So, at the threshold of the New Year, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, with greetings to the kind public with which its relations have ever been so pleasant, renews its assurances of earnest and indefatigable endeavor to deserve, in the future as it has in the past, the golden opinions it has won from all sorts of people.

FRANK LESLIE,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 23, 1869.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

The Currency Question.

WHEN the extent of the gold discoveries in California and Australia became known, it was foretold by M. Chevalier and other thinking men that the increase thus made to the standard of value would cause a general apparent rise in prices. It might have been more correct to have said that gold, by its universal abundance, would fall in value. For example: if one piece of gold would, let us suppose, before the discoveries of the new gold fields, have purchased a bushel of wheat, it would require two pieces of gold to purchase

the same quantity, supposing the amount of coined gold in the world were doubled. But everybody has become so accustomed to treat gold as an invariable standard, that, rather than speak of any variation in its value, we prefer to say that the bushel of wheat which was formerly worth one piece of gold is now worth two.

That the predictions of M. Chevalier and others of his school have not yet come true, is owing to a variety of causes. Among others, that in France the old silver coinage has been gradually replaced by gold, and thus an enormous amount of gold has been absorbed; and another, an increased use of gold for purposes of art. It is almost impossible to ascertain with accuracy how far the gold coinage of the world is now in excess of that of twenty years ago, and a still more difficult problem is to determine exactly how far that excess has caused an apparent increase in the value of commodities. To show how vague are the popular notions regarding the gold coinage of a country, we need only refer to a late speech of Senator Morton, in which he has estimated the amount of coined gold now in the United States as larger than it was before the general suspension of specie payments; that is, for the purpose of his argument, Mr. Morton supposes that there is more gold in the country when it is not wanted (beyond the demand for Custom-house duties) than there was when it formed the basis of our circulation. No ingenuity of ciphering would convince any unprejudiced mind that gold could ever remain in a country where it was not used, and the errors which underlie the honorable Senator's calculations on this point are apparent enough to those conversant with the subject. It is, however, more to our purpose, which lies far apart from mere controversy, to observe that it is an accepted axiom among all who have studied the science of finance, that if the gold circulation of the world were increased, there would be a proportionate apparent rise in the value of commodities. We say "apparent," because the real value of commodities is their interchangeable value with one another, and it is evident that this might remain unaltered; while, measured with an external standard (gold), which was subject to fluctuations, it might vary.

We now come to paper as the representative of gold. What strikes us first, as compared with gold, is the possibility of its illimitable production; and secondly, the absolute necessity of maintaining some proportion between the issue of paper and the gold of which it is merely the representative. Nature has set some limit to the quantity of gold, and we have seen how an increase in its amount in modern times has tended to increase the money value of commodities. But there being no natural limit to paper issues, we have to seek for one experimentally, as it were. We find, then, that the measure of that limit is its convertibility. Again, that such convertibility is absolutely secured when no more paper is issued than there is gold represented by it. As we depart from this proportion, so the security becomes less absolute; but practically it has been found, in this country at least, that a bank may, with safety, keep the proportion of its paper issues to its specie as two, or even three to one.

But, when by an act of supreme authority, the bank-note is made inconvertible, and is itself a legal tender for the discharge of all debts, all our calculations are upset, and we have to proceed by a totally different line of investigation from that we pursue when there is some recognized and available standard of value. We have already shown that the amount of money (limiting that term, as we have already said, to gold and bank-notes) in any country cannot be arbitrarily fixed by any Government: that it will fluctuate according to the state of trade; and that its average volume will be regulated by the necessities of the commerce of the country. The necessities of a Government may oblige it to issue paper quite regardless of the wants of commerce, and out of proportion to its needs, as was the case during our civil war. When we desire to ascertain the value of such a currency, we must do so by comparing it with some standard; and that standard is gold. Besides this, there is another element, and as this is of a moral nature, it is less susceptible of accurate investigation; how far is the Government willing, and if willing, what are its means for redeeming these paper issues in gold. Everybody knows that these greenbacks are mere promises to pay, without any stipulations as to time, place, or kind of payment. Mr. Morton says they are payable "on demand," but if so, his greenbacks must be very different from those current here, which are as we describe them. The quantity issued was, as we have said, measured by the needs of Government, and not by the needs of commerce, and it was quickly made apparent that when trade was oversupplied with this currency, the same thing took place that we saw would take place if the gold coinage of the world were doubled. Two paper dollars were required to purchase what one dollar would have purchased before

the change in the currency, or, in popular phraseology, the article formerly costing one dollar was made to cost two.

It may be taken for granted that Government is willing to perform its promises, that is, to redeem the greenback circulation. This is the moral element of which we spoke as affecting the value of these obligations, for if it could be supposed that they could ever be repudiated, or their present value be materially increased, it would be impossible to foresee how low their value might sink, that is, how many dollars might be required, in such a case, to do the work now performed by one. Faith in the ability of Government, that is, the faith of the people in their own ability to redeem, either sooner or later, these promises, being the chief element in giving them a currency value, it is a question of vital interest how and when Government will be able, consistently with other duties, to enter on the arduous task of redemption.

The problem to be solved is, how to bring a paper circulation of about six hundred and fifty millions of dollars into that relation with gold which alone insures steadiness in the currency, and places the mercantile affairs of the nation on a secure basis. It is needless to say that that relation is—*par*. As part of the terms of the problem, it should be stated that this amount is, in round numbers, about three times as much as was formerly found requisite for all the purposes of trade, while of gold itself, there is probably less than in 1862.

As we said before, we have no desire to add any plan of our own to the hundreds that, both in and out of Congress, are almost daily brought forward to increase the general bewilderment of the public. It is perceived by every one that the question of the payment of the bonds is subsidiary to this question of the currency, because, if the currency is at par when the bonds fall due, there can be no question as to the kind of payment, and we believe that this is the reason why the question of paying the bonds in gold or in currency has almost disappeared from public discussion, and has been succeeded by "plans for resumption of specie payment." We have already shown that the idea of commerce growing up to an arbitrarily fixed volume of currency is illusory, because the tendency of commerce is to make less money do more work.

Any one undertaking to solve the problem as above stated, will be bound to show where the gold is to come from to which the paper currency is to be equalized, while the country is being drained of what little still remains in it. We are quite sure that the advocates of contraction of the currency by the gradual destruction of the superfluous amount, are the most unpopular men in the country. Perhaps only less unpopular because less publicly known are those who maintain that only by the increase of our national industry on the one hand, and on the other, a reform in the habits of luxury and unthriftiness which are undermining our social life and corrupting the rising generation, can the return to a healthy national prosperity be insured.

Gold will flow from us so long as our imports exceed our exports. But if we increase our agricultural products, the surplus of which all the world will buy from us, and diminish the importations of articles of pure luxury and ostentation (which, however, can only be achieved by the cultivation of a higher standard of public virtue), that outflow will cease, even if the current does not set back toward us. A return to specie payments seems like a dream, so long as the country has only specie enough to pay Custom-house duties to the Government, to be repaid to the public in the shape of half-yearly dividends.

The Artists' Fund Association as an Insurance Company.

As a general rule, artists are individually very clever and very pleasant people, but they seem to be very unhappy in any corporate capacity. Let these gentlemen, for instance, combine together and form a society for the encouragement of art, and art will be sure to suffer—*vide* the history of all art academies. Seven years ago a number of artists associated themselves as a life insurance company, and they have unhappily made bad work of it; they have got something "highly colored, but terribly out of drawing."

Preliminarily, we should say, that some eight or nine years ago a very accomplished artist died, leaving destitute, as is too often the case, an amiable and accomplished wife and a number of helpless children. Two or three artists adding some of their own, fortunately conceived the idea of gathering up the sketches of the deceased artist, and selling them for the benefit of the wife and children. The leading men of the artistic profession cheerfully contributed to the object, and the public most cordially responded. A little picture, six by nine inches, by Mr. Elliott, entitled "Antony Van Corleair," and another of the same size, by Mr. Church, entitled "Sunset in the Tropics," brought twelve hundred dollars. The other pictures sold proportionally

well, and the widow and orphans were made comparatively comfortable. Out of this most successful experiment grew what is now known as the Artists' Fund Society—the primary object of which is to secure to the widow and orphans of deceased artists, members of the association, some pecuniary advantage. How far the society has accomplished this object, we propose to examine.

The constitution of the society, examined in the light of a fundamental law of a life insurance company, which it is intended to be, will develop itself as a most miserable failure. Without commenting upon the unnecessary and arbitrary power delegated to the Board of Control, without noticing the many unnecessary provisions, of a technical and most troublesome character—provisions of no use whatever but to embarrass the useful operations of the association—we will at once say, that the Artists' Fund Association subjects its members annually to appear before the public as petitioners of charity—thereby degrading art and artists. An unnecessary portion of all the money obtained by the association is worse than squandered in useless expenses, growing out of illy-regulated exhibitions—in cartage, in catalogues, gas and advertising, assurance, picture-frames, auctioneer's fees, refreshments and sundries. And especially as the money that has been injudiciously spent upon matters above enumerated, is not vested according to the best business precedents of life insurance.

The amounts paid for life insurance by the Artists' Fund Association are more than a hundred per cent., or twice as high as in any well-established life insurance company—as, for example, in the Artists' Fund, one hundred dollars per annum will yield to the insurer's heirs twenty-five hundred dollars. In a life insurance company, one hundred per annum will yield to the insurer four thousand dollars—besides giving a margin for profits—which sometimes amount to the whole sum paid by the insurer. In the Artists' Fund the mutual principle does not obtain.

In respectable life insurance companies, their policies are at all times commercially worth nearly what has been paid upon them. The Artists' Fund insurance policy is commercially valueless. If the insured can no longer pay his annual dues, or resigns his membership, he loses all he has paid, and all incidental advantages. The constitution of the Artists' Fund on this subject is decidedly cruel, as well as unbusiness-like. It says: "Members of this association may at any time resign, thereby relinquishing all claims upon the society and privileges under the constitution."

But the most extraordinary article relates to expulsion! Two-thirds of the members at any regular or special meeting can expel any member for the non-observance of the rules of the constitution. It is, however, humanely provided, that a certified copy of the charges shall be left at his place of business (not studio!) or abode; and if said denounced individual is not in the city (sketching, for instance, in the country), the charges against him shall be mailed to him, postage paid.

Actual inhumanity of the Artists' Fund scheme now follows. If a member dies and leaves a wife and children, the interest of two thousand dollars shall be paid to said widow until her youngest child is of age. Then the two thousand dollars shall be paid to the widow and children, share and share alike.

Now, suppose an artist dies and has a posthumous child, where is the guarantee of the Artists' Fund Association that it will be in existence over twenty-one long years hence, to punctually pay the annual interest, or the sum total when it is due? But worse still follows;

"If an artist leaves a wife and children," and the said wife (widow) should marry before her youngest child is of age, the children shall be placed under guardianship, and the annual interest, through the guardian, shall be paid to the children—the mother of the children for having married being "whistled down the wind." This is not only essentially ungallant, but it is illegal—for, even the constitution of the Artists' Fund cannot deprive a mother of the guardianship of her infant children. A gentleman who stands high on 'Change, and who is a great friend of the artists, as the walls and hospitable table of his palatial mansion testify, says this last provision is atrocious.

The constitution of the Artists' Fund, however, provides that if an artist dies without wife or children, his claim shall be immediately paid over to his heirs. This exception in favor of distant relations grows out of the fact, probably, that most of the artists who control the association are bachelors, and have a clear idea of the wants and feelings of uncles or aunts, but none of wife or children.

On a recent occasion a number of officers of the United States Navy proposed to form a Navy Fund Association; among other things, they very characteristically had arranged, that the amount of the premiums paid out of the general fund should be according to official rank; that is to say, an admiral's wife and children should receive a much larger sum

than a midshipman and his wife, though both insurers paid the same amount—an idea, no doubt, they got from the laws which govern prize-money.

The naval officers, however, soon discovered that they knew nothing about the business of life insurance, so, with great good sense, they sent a committee, composed of their best men, to one of the leading and most influential life insurance companies in the city, and submitted their plans; and the committee, after being most kindly received, and heard with patience, were finally informed that the safest and best way of securing life insurance, was by means of some well established and well organized company.*

This is just the advice the members of the Artists' Fund Association should take to heart and follow. Those directly interested (the members not of the Board of Control) should at once appoint a committee, which should wait upon the executive officers of one of the best insurance companies, and hear these gentlemen explain and point out the extravagances and follies, to use no harsher terms, of the management of their association, when viewed from the standpoint of a well conducted life insurance company. These experienced gentlemen will practically tell the members of the committee that their business is with the crayon and pencil, with the ideal and beautiful, and not with the statistical and mathematical calculations of life insurance. They will particularly suggest, by inference, that the working of the Artists' Fund Association is unsafe and expensive, lacking, indeed, the spirit and essential character of life insurance, viz.: a permanent plan based upon sound principles. These experienced gentlemen may go further, and throw out the idea by which artists might, as an especial organization, secure the advantages of life insurance, and at the very start have the usual deduction paid to agents made in their favor. The artists will then get rid of business detail which expels members from an insurance company without returning them their justly entitled dues, which tries to separate children from the guardianship of their legitimate protectors, which punishes an artist's widow for marrying a second time, and which pays two dollars for a questionable advantage, when half the sum will perfectly and pleasantly accomplish their wishes.

* See correspondence between Rear-Admiral Bell, United States Navy, and others, with Mr. Sherburne Houman, Actuary, and F. S. Wingate, Esq., President of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, *Army and Navy Chronicle*, December 21, 1867.

Matters and Things.

Official returns show that, in 1867, 4,981,400 pounds of books were exported from England, the value of which was \$3,500,000. The value of those exported to the United States was \$801,555.

—Mr. Bickmore, whose "Travels in the East Indian Archipelago, and across China," were so eagerly received by the Royal Geographical Society of London, in this State, last year, has been appointed Professor of Natural History in Madison University. The University has purchased the collection of natural history gathered by him in the Indian Seas.—According to a Parliamentary paper, the total number of paupers in England and Wales on the 1st of January last was 1,040,103. Of these 43,158 or 4.3 per cent. were insane. They consisted of 19,033 males, and 24,125 females.—San Francisco has eight daily papers and a dozen weeklies. One of these contains a new feature: "Divorces" are inserted in the column with "Births, Marriages, etc.," and it reads, "Births, Marriages, Divorces and Deaths." In point of fact, the new heading is well supported.—The Baron Rothschild, who died lately in France, is found to have left an estate of about four hundred millions of dollars. His family is consequently in easy circumstances. Even in this country he would have passed for a rich man.

—The French Government is not succeeding in the Baudin affair. All the newspapers which publish the subscriptions have been fined by the tribunal, but the speeches of their advocates are twice as treasonable as the subscription, and are published under the law with impunity. Moreover, many journals are publishing the lists, and suffering themselves to be seized, in the hope that their advocates may excite the enthusiasm which has already raised M. Gambetta to a sort of leadership in Parisian opposition.—From the New York office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, 2,448,000 words, or 97,920 messages of twenty-five words each, can be sent each day. The average number actually transmitted is 184,378 words, or 7,375 messages. On an average, nearly eighteen hours a day the wires are idle. A sufficient reason for a reduction of rates.—There are 100 iron manufacturing establishments in Chicago, employing 15,000 men, to whom is paid \$12,000,000 yearly for their labor. The capital invested is \$15,000,000, and the annual product is \$25,000,000. The establishments are employed principally in manufacturing railroad supplies, agricultural, and mining and mechanical tools.

—In Jamaica the proportion of black and colored people to whites is now as thirty-four to one. At the time of emancipation it was about sixteen to one.—Of the 19,000,000 acres of land in the State of South Carolina, only one-fourth is under cultivation. The remainder, some 14,500,000, is mainly in primeval forest. Fully half of the 4,500,000 now under quasi cultivation is for sale, some of it even so low as \$1 per acre, and ranging from that up to \$20. Good farms have within the year sold as low as \$3 per acre, and, in

certain cases, even below that.—The late Queen of Spain, Isabella II., is said by a Paris editor who has counted them up, to have had five hundred and nineteen cabinet ministers during her reign of thirty-five years; several times as many as all the Presidents of the United States together have had, from 1783 until now.—Brown bread is much more nutritive than white bread. The latter lacks an important element—the "beef-steak" of the wheat. A dog fed on white bread alone, would die in about forty days, but if fed on brown bread, would remain quite healthy.

Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, is pressing his "Civil Service Bill" on Congress, and the prospect is he will carry it. Mr. Seward is not entirely sure of its applicability, but recently consented to have Mr. Jenckes interrogate one of his newly appointed Ministers, according to the programme of the bill. We have only the report of the questions and answers on Biblical history.

Q. What animal in Scripture is said to have spoken?
A. The whale.
Q. To whom did the whale speak?
A. To Moses, in the bulrushes.
Q. What did the whale say?
A. Thou art the man.
Q. What did Moses reply?
A. Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.
Q. What was the effect on the whale?
A. He rushed violently down a steep place in the sea and perished in the waters.

On the suggestion that General Jubal Early will avail himself of President Johnson's Christmas amnesty and pardon, the *Times* says: "The day of JUBAL E. is come; return, ye pardoned sinners, home!"

We have steadily denounced the "Eight Hour Law" as false in principle and impossible in practice. It was passed on the eve of an election, for the purpose of securing votes among the working classes for the men who voted for it, and while it declared that a day's work should mean eight hours' work, it did not nor could it fix the price of that day's work. Employers will not, of course, give as much for eight as ten hours' work, and the law, consequently, amounts to nothing except to deceive one part of the community and annoy the other. As said by a contemporary, the enactment of the law was a political trick—not prompted by a sincere regard for the working classes, nor framed with the primary motive of promoting their interests. It ought either to be repealed or revised. It should either say what it means, or it should say nothing at all. As it stands, it simply misleads both parties—employers and employed—and benefits neither. And in its application to persons employed by the Government, it has led to controversy, different action on the part of different departments, and general confusion and discontent.

The Annual Report of the Special Commissioner of the Revenue is not, *prima facie* light reading. It will not be published in full, we will venture to say, in that novel and successful candidate for public favor, THE NEW WORLD. Still, it has its interesting items, but none more interesting than this:

"That within the last five years more cotton spindles have been put in operation, more iron furnaces erected, more iron smelted, more bars rolled, more steel made, more coal and copper mined, more lumber sawed and hewn, more houses and shops constructed, more manufacturing of different kinds started, and more petroleum collected, refined, and exported, than during any other period in the history of the country; and that this increase has been greater both as regards quality and quantity, and greater than the legitimate increase to be expected from the normal increase of wealth and population."

The Empire City Skating Rink, between Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets, and Second and Third avenues, is a very handsome and commodious building, and opens with the brightest prospects of success. It is certainly one of the most extensive we have seen, being 350 feet long and 170 feet wide. The attendants are very courteous, and we advise all who wish to have a pleasant skate to pay it a visit.

The Directors of the Cooper Union have established a school for the practical instruction of women in telegraphy. The art is one in which the gentler sex has been proved by experience far superior to men, and we hope to see the time when, at least in all offices, women will have a monopoly of the business. There are so few pursuits for which the majority of men acknowledge woman to be fitted by nature, that the least we can do is to let her fill the places in which her capacity is unquestioned.

BATEMAN, GRAU, AND TAMMANY.

Two new works produced under the management of the renowned Gabel and Pilon of Opera Bouffe—Messrs. Bateman and Grau—and the debut of the Tammany, as a house of theatrical and every other class of entertainment, are surely novelty for one week, if we even except Ole Bull's and Parepa-Rosa's return, a new burlesque, and all the minor replications and originalities which have been offered us.

The Tammany—half-finished as it is, for the managers assure us a dozen new amusements and comforts are to be added to those which its opening disclosed—has been a great success. When completed, it might be kept open all day; and an individual, male or female, with an economical turn of mind, and well-stocked basket of provisions, might pass the whole day therein, provided it was open, nor see and enjoy one-half of its entertainments and its comforts. The first evening leaves only a nightmarish recollection upon the mind, of Turks and pink fleecings, Punch and Judy, a pretty woman doing the trapeze business, Bonaparte, slow extravagance, capital parody, fuel oil and coffee, with the benevolently round and agreeable face of the Captain of the Revels, one Grover (who is tolerably well-known in modern theatrical history), shining upon the four or five thousand guests and spectators there collected, mixed up in most inextricable confusion. All must be seen again and again ere

it assumes a definite shape and form in the recollection.

At Pike's Opera House Mr. Bateman gave us Offenbach's last new opera "La Perichole," on last Monday, when, in spite of weather, and distance from civilization, the house was crowded by one of the most fashionable audiences which we have ever seen called together by a new musical work. The plot, had we space enough to place it in detail, has been so often given since its first production in Paris, some months since, in our daily and weekly journalism, that it would be useless to dwell upon it. As a musical production, let us frankly own that we prefer it to anything of Offenbach's which we have yet heard. It is not so undisciplinedly Opera Bouffe. He has mingled a serious element with the delightful comic melody which enriches, strengthens and relieves it. The airs, which will be spontaneously recollected by all of musical taste, who hear them, are plentiful. Perhaps "O mon cher amour, je te jure," "La jeune Indienne" and "Le beau mariage" are the gems—for, of course, there must be musical gems in every opera. Irma strengthened the first hold—which she has upon the public—as *La Perichole*, in a manner which, considering the charm which Tostee has always retained upon the affections of the admirers of Offenbach, is almost miraculous. Aujac as *Piquillo* was simply superb. The opera is undoubtedly destined to a popularity which, if not so great as that of *La Grande Duchesse*, will tend very decidedly to increase the esteem of our musical men for the talent displayed in it by its composer.

This week, at the French Theatre, Mr. Grau introduced us to a newer "star" in Opera Bouffe, &c., upon this side of the ocean—Herve's *L'Œil Crive*. At the hour in which we write this article we have not seen the work, although we have attended a portion of one of its rehearsals. We can only predict for it a success which is likely to give the writer a very decided standing at the side of Offenbach. Whether it will take it, in its sadolescent immaturity, must yet remain to be seen. Honestly, the French *librettists*, as a race, are equal to any demands made upon the moral portion of their phenological structure. "As Paris goes, so the world follows"—an old proverb, but a true one. Man is the same, everywhere. What one digests, another can swallow.

ART GOSSIP.

The ridges, ravines, trout-streams, and varied woodlands of the Adirondacks have furnished materials to Miss Walters for several very carefully studied pictures, which are to be seen at her studio, 1,267 Broadway. Miss Walters passed a part of last summer in some of the wildest tracts of the region referred to, the tumbled rocks, moss-grown trees, and weird vistas of which she has revealed upon canvas with much truth, and with a genuine appreciation of nature.

The second annual exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors will be opened in the galleries of the Academy of Design, on the 21st of January, and will remain open until about the 4th of March.

Mr. A. F. Bellows, who is traveling in Europe, has sent out two pictures as his contribution to the exhibition referred to. The rapid progress made by this artist in the water-color branch of painting previous to his departure, warrant us in expecting that the pictures in question will be attractive accessions to the exhibition.

Mr. G. Burling has finished, in water-colors, a very picturesque subject of old houses. He has also nearly completed a composition from the life and character of those pert European sparrows with which the city is now so well stocked. Both of these pictures are intended for the water-color exhibition.

Among the painters assiduously at work for the same exhibition, is Mr. S. Colman; and Mr. William Hart will also contribute to it several of his pleasant landscape subjects.

During the past summer, Mr. R. Swain Gifford made a long sojourn upon the coast of Maine, from which he has brought back with him a number of studies and sketches of wild coast scenery. Two pictures from the material acquired by him will figure in the water-color exhibition.

Mr. E. J. Kentze is engaged in modeling a life-size figure embodying the idea of Psyche. The form of the young girl is semi-nude, and easy and graceful in attitude, and partially robed with a broad cast of drapery. A very pleasing and quaint little bust in marble, representing Mirth, is also to be seen in the studio of the same sculptor, 1,367 Broadway.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

The fugitive Queen of Spain—Louis Philippe's Diplomacy and its Failure—Roussin—A Parisian Bootblack—French Politicians—Lotteries, &c., &c.

PARIS, December 7, 1868.

The fugitive Isabella II., late Queen of Spain, is in Paris. As she is possessed of great wealth, she may, in this gay and wicked city, find more happiness than she ever did, or could, on the throne of Spain. Here has been a career of trials, temptations, passions, and cruelties that takes one back two hundred years, when, by Divine Right, kings and queens ruled as their fancy and caprices suggested, without caring for the will or pleasure of the subjects. And yet she was much sinned against; and, doubtless, had her early training been better—had she been surrounded in girlhood with good men and women, who would have set her examples of virtue rather than of vice—Isabella II. might have proved the proper and correct lady that sits on the English throne, and, blessed by a legitimate throng of children, been as proud and happy. But it was not so to be. When she was yet a child, Louis Philippe intrigued to have her married to her weak-minded and notoriously impotent cousin, and, at the same time, got for his own son the queen's sister for wife; planning it all so cunningly, that, the queen proving childless, the heirs of Bourbon would sit on the throne of Spain—his grandchildren. But ah! how true is the old saying—

"The nicest plans of men and mice oft gang aglee." No sooner had Isabella reached womanhood, and learned how, through the ambition of the King of France, she had been cheated and defrauded in her most precious natural rights, than she commenced a life of hostilities and freest love, which soon set all the schemes of politicians in confusion; for sons and daughters were born unto the queen, and her husband living with her and acknowledging them, there could be no reason for refusing them royal recognition and titles corresponding to their exalted birth. But the revolution came, and, deserted by her army, distrustful all, the queen fled, and would not return when advised and entreated, unless in company with her favorite Marfiori. So it may be said she lost her throne for her lover, and you may now guess why she has two adjoining houses in the Champs Elysees.

Luckily, she is spared one common humiliation of dethroned monarchs, poverty, for 'tis said she wisely had provided for the rainy day, and has millions well invested. And yet there are not a few who confidently

believe but that, unable to agree upon a successor or different form of government, the Spaniards will be glad to recall her; perhaps after poor Spain has experimented with democracy, or tried a foreign prince as their sovereign, they will return to their ancient loyalty, as did the English to the banished Stuarts.

And what of the prime plotter and his aide in the little game of getting the throne of Spain for a Bourbon? Alas, old Louis Philippe died an exile in a foreign land, where some of his family still find a home, banished from their beloved France, and he, the Duc de Montpensier, whose children, by the sister of Isabella, it was so cleverly planned should succeed the childless queen, is now in Portugal, humbly asking of the triumphant Junta for the poor privilege of returning to his estate in Spain, making no pretensions for his heirs! And Spain answers back, "Down with the Bourbons!" Alas for diplomats and schemers, who do not take into their reckoning God and Justice!

The story of French politeness is as true as when Sterne bore testimony to it in his charming sentimental journey; but I doubt if every visitor to Paris has been tendered the gratuitous services of a bootblack! I was walking from the railway station through Rue de Fayette a few days since, and noticing near a lamp-post, on the street side of the *traveller*, a bootblack with his box and brushes, stopped and placed my shoe on the box. He had hardly begun his work, when I suddenly remembered that I had no other money than double Frederics-d'or, value eight dollars in gold, and stopping him, explained and apologized, and would have gone off but for his good-natured but determined purpose to the contrary—assuring me, "Tis of no matter; 'tis a pleasure for me to serve monsieur; never think of it," etc., etc.—till I was forced to let him polish my shoes without any hope of a reward. But changing to regard his box, I remarked that it was literally covered with coins fastened down with nails through their centres, no less a number than four hundred and ten, which the humble numismatologist told me he had been collecting for twelve years, and would not part with for a large sum.

There were no two alike, and many of great age and rarity, some being of silver, some of composition like bronze, but mostly of copper. The sight of them luckily reminded me of a bright five cent United States coin in my purse, and you may well believe I was only too happy to add one to the collection, which, though gladly accepted, caused my polite bootblack to shrug his shoulders, saying he had thus been deprived of the happiness of serving me without a reward. And here a word about this famous French politeness, which is, as a general rule, purely lingual, and of manners, and rarely involves any considerable effort or self-sacrifice. As for honest, and generous, and purely disinterested acts of courtesy and service, such as one meets with so frequently in America that they are not regarded, the French character has no conception of it. As for showing attentions and making place for strangers in the omnibus or in the railway carriage, or at the theatre, they are as obtuse and selfish as the English, than whom it is not possible to make a stronger example in that way. Strangers in Paris are for a time well pleased with the palaver and grimaces of those that come in contact with, but a few months' residence proves that they amount to nothing.

This week was drawn the Annual Lottery Loan of the City of Paris, in which a German acquaintance had the luck to get the 50,000 francs capital prize. The practice is of great antiquity, and in general use on the Continent, for the cities, and sometimes for the states when hard pressed to raise money, to offer prizes in addition to the principal and interest of some of the borrowed money, in this way: Say 50,000 francs are wanted by the City of Paris. Bonds of 1,000 francs each at 5 per cent. are issued, the principal to be repaid in equal annual sums of 5,000 francs. The bonds all bear, like our 5-30 bonds, different numbers, and those placed in a regular lottery-wheel, are drawn, to an amount corresponding to the annual sum to be paid off. Now, to attract lenders, prizes are given to the first 60 of the numbers drawn, the largest, 50,000 francs, next, 25,000, then, 20,000, and so down to 5,000, of which there are some 50, making the aggregate of prizes some 400,000 francs. These bonds are always for sale in the brokers' windows, at par or thereabout, and my German friend had bought his only two days before the drawing. The particularly pleasant feature of such lotteries is, that there are no blanks! I as you can always sell your ticket (your bond), after the drawing, for what it cost you, and is always worth its face. I was in Brussels last year at a drawing of a city loan, when a common farm-laborer got the capital prize of 50,000 francs, having held his 100 franc script but one week. There is no lack of lottery tickets of the ordinary character for sale in all of the large Continental cities, but where they do most abound is in old Frankfurt-on-the-Maine. Indeed, it would seem, betimes, as if it were the staple business of many of the brokers and bankers, while clever, insinuating agents and peddlers haunt the hotels and public resorts, desirous of selling you certain large prizes for only a florin! I was assured that, if by bad management, a prize-ticket is disposed of in those Frankfurt lotteries, it is not paid, and the holder is remediless at law.

TAKING A BITE BETWEEN CALLS.

The picture on our front page illustrates an episode of New Year's Day that it is rarely the lot of the sterner sex to witness. The ladies who receive calls, while engaged in dispensing the hospitalities of the occasion to their guests, though conscious that

"The labor we delight in physics pain," undergo sometimes a severer tax upon their "staying" qualities than the callers are aware of. Our engraving shows a bevy of fair dames taking advantage of a hiatus in the chain of visitors to steal away to the dining-room and strengthen themselves with something more substantial than the dainties on the tables of the drawing-room. With their rich dresses tucked up, and their jeweled hands eagerly administering to their hearty appetites, they present a group that is very picturesque and pretty.

We have received the first number of THE NEW WORLD, a weekly journal, published by Mr. Frank Leslie, which, from its comely external appearance, and the interest and variety of its contents, promises to furnish a valuable addition to the resources for popular reading. It is intended to present an attractive and informing miscellany in the various branches of knowledge, from the pens of accomplished writers, and especially in the departments of romance, travel, geographical discovery, and the application of science to the practical affairs of life. Among the features of the present number which will attract attention, are Professor Joy's paper on "Recent Inventions," Dr. Gardner's article on "Health," and "The Dinner Table," by the head cook of the Metropolitan Hotel, showing the art of providing good dinners at a moderate expense, with a bill of fare for a family of five or ten persons. The last-mentioned department is a novelty in American journalism, though it has been adopted with great success by one of the most popular daily newspapers of Paris, which makes it a prominent specialty. A large supply of fiction, both in prose and verse, is contained in this number, which speaks well for the skill of the editor in preparing a newspaper for the people.—*New York Daily Tribune*.

"I don't miss my church so much as you may suppose," said a lady to her minister, who called on her during her illness; "for I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the bells begin to chime, and she tells me who are going to church, and whether they have got anything new."

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PAGE 293.



WORKMEN'S CO-OPERATIVE DWELLINGS, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.



THE IMPERIAL BOX AT THE THEATRE OF THE PALACE, COMPIÈGNE, FRANCE.



CHRISTMAS MORNING IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE.



CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN AN ENGLISH CITY.



MEETING OF THE NEW ENGLISH PARLIAMENT—MEMBERS PASSING THROUGH WESTMINSTER HALL.



CHRISTMAS ON THE ALPS—THE SNOW-HOUSE.



THE LATE FLOODS IN YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND—THE CALDES VALLEY, NEAR WAKEFIELD, DECEMBER 8TH.



THE FENKANCE LIFEBOAT RICHARD LEWIS GOING OUT TO THE NORTH BRITAIN, WRECKED IN MOUNT'S BAY, ENGLISH COAST.



THE FRENCH COURT AT COMPIEGNE—THE CIRCLE OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE IN THE FAMILY PARLOR.—SEE PAGE 295.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

Workmen's Co-operative Dwellings, Edinburgh, Scotland.

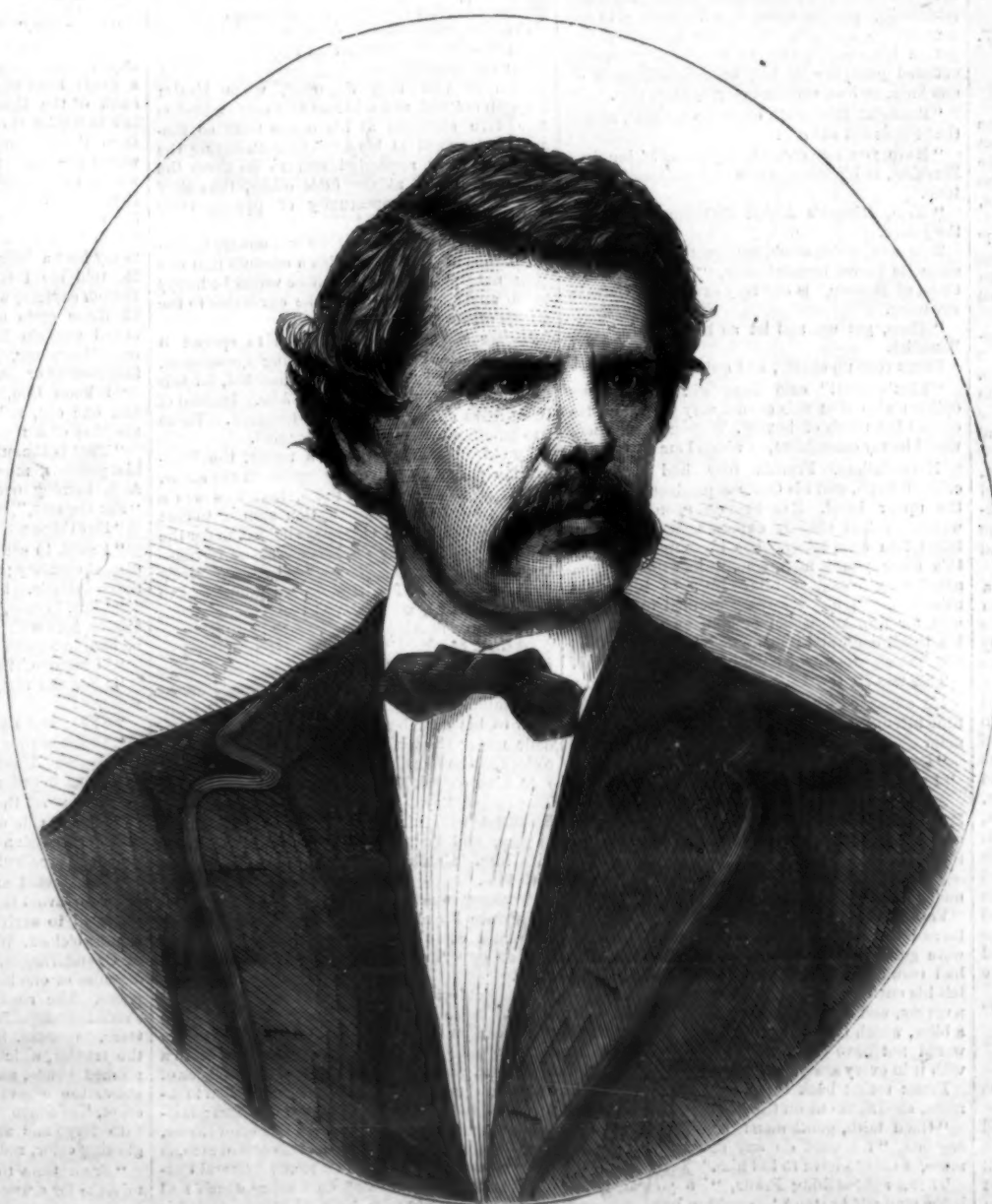
About seven years ago a few earnest workmen, prompted by the deplorable want of suitable houses, and a desire to improve the condition of their class, formed a Co-operative Building Company, with a capital of £10,000, in shares of £1 each. By earnest action the practical aid of fellow-workmen was gradually obtained, and the position of the undertaking, so far as mere figures can indicate results which embrace incalculable moral and social benefits, may be thus summed up: The entire capital is subscribed by 836 members; 400 houses, supplying healthful accommodations for at least 2,000 individuals, have been built, and sold for £70,000. An average profit of over fifteen per cent. has been paid every year.

Christmas Morning in an English Village—Christmas Night in an English City.

It sometimes seems that everything has been said that can be said of Christmas, but as there are so many fancies to cater to, there must be ample room for many more pleasant thoughts. And what can be more in keeping with the sacred festival than scenes which have been repeated every year for ages, and in which ourselves and children still participate? The modest church, with its low, pointed roof, glistening with a heavy coat of snow, and deep fringed with icicles; the procession of early worshippers gathering about the porch, before the service, and wishing each other merry times; the emblems of immortality within, and the instructions of the man of God, are characteristics of the day familiar to all, and full of cheerful interest. The illustration of Christmas night in the city is in striking contrast with Christmas morning in the country. The snow falling fast makes the little ones blow their fingers and press closer to their companions, while the belated travelers whistle merrily to keep good spirits up, and hurry forward to their homes of warmth and comfort.

Meeting of the New English Parliament—Members Passing through Westminster Hall.

The assembling of the new English Parliament was attended by many interesting scenes, one of which, the passage of the members through Westminster Hall, on their way to the House of Lords and the Commons, we reproduce. Several hundred persons took their stand in the hall leading to the House of Commons, where they had an opportunity of seeing many of the honorable gentlemen whom the people had elected to exalted positions.



PETER B. SWEENEY, ESQ., CHAMBERLAIN OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 295.

The late Floods in Yorkshire, England—The Calder Valley, near Wakefield, December 8th.

Within the past few weeks the northern districts of England have been visited by heavy rains, which have caused serious floods, and done considerable damage. In Yorkshire, the rivers Dearne and Calder overflowed their banks, and the thoroughfares between Wakefield and Barnsley were covered to a depth which interfered with the arrival and departure of the railway passengers. The valley of the Calder was visited by an inundation greater than any that has occurred since 1866. The suburbs were flooded, and the water from the swollen river rushed through the roads, branching out in gullies, and carrying damage to the store-cellars and shops of the tradesmen, and the citizens generally.

The Imperial Box in the Theatre of the Palace, at Compiègne, France.

We have already given several pictures of scenes identified with the sojourn of the French Imperial family and Court at Compiègne. Among other means of recreation, the august personages sometimes enjoy the pleasures of dramatic and operatic representations. Our engraving represents the Imperial box at the theatre of the palace, the Empress and Emperor being present to witness a performance given in their honor.

Christmas on the Alps—The Snow House.

Those who have made the journey across the old mountain-path, on the Col of St. Gothard, in winter, can truly appreciate a warm temperature. The scene at the centre of the great watershed of Europe, in the midst of the Alps, where the old hospice stands to welcome the coming, and speed the parting guest, is one of peculiar grandeur, and is faithfully depicted in our illustration. The group of half-rosen travelers at the post-house, stopping to allow their horses rest, and partake themselves of invigorating refreshments, forms a picture to be seen every day. The old path, once dangerously narrow, has been much improved by the efforts of the two cantons of Uri and Lemans, the carriage-road has been completed on the Italian side, and the journey is now quite easy.

The Penzance Lifeboat Richard Lewis Going Out to the North Britain, Wrecked in Mount's Bay, English Coast.

The recent wreck of the English bark North Britain, on the eastern shore of Mount's Bay, Cornwall, afforded an exhibition of the capabilities of the Penzance lifeboat, as well as the bravery of its crew. In ten minutes after the vessel had foundered, the lifeboat was launched, and in a few minutes after the vessel had foundered, the lifeboat was launched, and in a few minutes after the vessel had foundered, the lifeboat was launched.

dered, the lifeboat Richard Lewis had been placed on its carriage and driven to the shore. The boat was promptly launched, the crew bent themselves to their oars with a will, and, notwithstanding the dangerous surge, they reached the unfortunate vessel in time to save all who had remained on board. In fifteen minutes after the rescue the ship's masts went down, and in a half hour the bark was broken into chips.

DYING.

O'er my pillows shadows droop;
Light the lamps to drive the gloom,
That like ghastly phantoms stoop
In the corners of the room.

Very close and still the air;
There is not a breeze about;
Open wide the windows there—
Let this stifling stillness out!

They are open, did you say?
Then, why is it that my breath
Seems to almost die away?
Ah, I know!—it must be death!

Death! ah me! that ghastly word
Always chilled me to the soul,
When its frightful sound I heard;
Now, how near its billows roll!

Is the river very wide?
Is it dark, or very deep?
Can you see the other side?
Oh, I pray you, do not weep!

Some one whispers me of rest
Waiting for me over there;
Life is sweet, but that is best—
Rest, forever free from care!

Oh, if you could hold my hand
Till I reach the other shore,
And my footsteps press the strand,
Where there's dying never more!

But you cannot! I must go—
Out alone into the night;
Oh, if some sweet breeze would blow
All the darkness from my sight!

Are you near me? take my hand—
Lay your fingers on my brow
Where the sweat-drops start and stand,
Though I'm strangely chilly now.

Close the windows; I am cold!
How I shiver! Are you here?

Did I dream? The night grows old:
When will morning's glow appear?

I am tired; let me sleep;
Hold my head upon your breast;
Tell me why it is you weep,
For I only spoke of rest.

THE PRUSSIAN TERROR;

OR,

The Adventures of an Amateur Soldier.

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS, SEN.

VIII. (CONTINUED).

THE gesture which had preceded the report was so rapid, that one would have thought Benedict had not taken aim. But, simultaneously with the report, the weapon, behind which Monsieur Kleist was sheltering himself, was seen to fly in splinters, and he who held it, totter and fall on one knee.

"Ah!" said the major, "you have killed him!" "I think not," answered Benedict. "I must have lodged the ball between the two screws which hold the lock. It is the jar which has knocked him over."

The surgeon and the two seconds rushed toward the wounded man, in whose hands the stock of the pistol remained. An enormous contusion extended along his cheek, from the eye to the lower jaw. It was, as Benedict had said, the jar from the ball; but the ball itself had not touched the journalist.

They found the barrel of the pistol on one side, and the lock on the other. The ball was lodged in the lock, just between the two screws. Striking the head, in the place where it had struck the lock, it would have broken the upper jaw, and penetrated the brain.

The dressing was easy. The contusion was a most violent one, but the blood flowed in two places only, where the skin had cracked. A piece of linen, soaked in spring water, was the only dressing the surgeon thought proper to apply to the wound.

Franz Muller had watched this second combat with more interest even than the first. But on seeing the dénouement, altogether in honor of the enemy of his country, his hatred of the Frenchman, and his national enthusiasm, had blazed out more ardent and aggressive than ever. The most terrible oaths, the most brutal menaces, the most ferocious imprecations, escaped from his mouth, between his clinched teeth, from which issued a foam, like that from the lips of a mad dog. He beat the air with his fist, striking an imaginary enemy, whom he afterward knocked down and trampled under foot. His menaces and gestures, standing apart as he was, had attracted the attention of the seconds, and of the wounded men themselves.

"Are you going to fight with that brute beast?" said Anderson.

"Pardieu!" said Benedict, "I must."

"With your fists? Fie!"

"Why, my dear colonel, that is the antique style of pugilism."

"But consider that the sabre cuts, that the ball pierces, but that the fist mutilates, leaves blue spots, disfigures, bruises. You are going to roll on the ground, to expose yourself like a street porter with a bumper. Fie, my dear fellow, in your place I would offer him my excuses."

"I would rather put on my gloves, so as not to touch him."

And, Benedict took out of his pocket a pair of straw-colored gloves, which he put on with all the carefulness of a secretary to an embassy entering the saloon of a Minister. Then, with the tip of his freshly-gloved finger, he touched the shoulder of the workman, who was beating the air with his fists, waiting for something better.

"And now, my friend," said he, "it's our turn."

"Oh! Gloves! gloves!" murmured the workman; "I make you put on gloves, do I?" And he rushed at Benedict like a wounded boar.

"Come," said Benedict, talking to himself and smiling; "let me remember that I came into the world in Moutfard street."

And he assumed the guard of a Parisian gamin engaged at the savate, an attitude at once so menacing and so graceful, that it resembles that of the leopard or the panther, half-crouched and ready to leap upon its prey.

Equally ignorant of the aristocratic art of boxing, and the democratic art of the savate, Franz Muller had but one aim—to catch Benedict in his arms, to throw him down and trample him under foot, as he had done an instant before, in his imagination. The elegant build and slender limbs of his adversary did not inspire the fear that he would prove very dangerous, and it was consequently to wrestling that he tried to bring him.

But Benedict, although he thought himself strong enough, or, rather, skilful enough, to wrestle with any athlete, had, as in the case of his two other adversaries, a plan already made, from which he did not wish to depart. If it was absolutely necessary to wrestle, it was by that that he intended to finish when he should have exhausted his adversary's strength in useless rage.

It was an easy thing for a gymnast of Benedict's skill to avoid the embrace of his awkward enemy, and that is what he contented himself with doing three or four times. Franz fairly bellowed with rage.

To avoid one of these attacks, Benedict made a half-turn, and with his fine slipper, propelled by solid muscles, he gave his adversary what is called the *coup de figure*, or the face blow. The heel of Benedict's slipper mashed his adversary's nose and lips.

"*Herr Gott! Sacrament!*" cried the latter, stepping three paces backward, putting his hand to his mouth, and withdrawing it full of blood. At the sight of this, Franz lost his head, and came like a madman at his adversary, who bent his body to the right, keeping the left leg extended. The blow that Franz endeavored to deliver was avoided; but the left leg produced the effect of a low barrier, of a bench, of a string stretched across the headlong course of a blind man. Franz tripped and fell on his head, six or eight paces off. The blow was so violent, his head having struck against the trunk of a tree, that he remained stretched out, not exactly fainting, but scarcely conscious. Benedict approached him with the seconds, whom this contest singularly interested, and for whom this Parisian skill was something quite new. The major had almost forgotten his wound; and, although the journalist suffered greatly with his, he raised himself on one knee, to look with the only eye left him.

"Enough! Enough!" cried the seconds, seeing that Franz did not stir.

"Have you had enough, my friend?" inquired Benedict, in his most gentle voice and insinuating tone.

"*Nein, Himmels Kreuz! Bataillon!*" bellowed the joinder.

This oath, which would mean nothing in French, since its literal translation is, "Battalion of the Cross of Heaven," is the very extreme of German swearing.

"Then, get up, and let us begin again," said Benedict.

Franz rose up slowly, and quite ashamed.

"That's well!" said Benedict; "it was my opinion also that this cannot very well end without a little touch of boxing. Without that, where would be my eclecticism, of which I am so proud?"

Nevertheless, Franz's fury had somewhat calmed down, and his German prudence resumed the upper hand. But French spontaneity, of which he had already experienced the power, failed him completely. His ideas were upset by this same young man, who, while avoiding him, continually attacked him. But, to his great astonishment, his adversary seemed inclined to wait for him this time, planted as he was, with his thigh bent, and the two fists brought back on the breast, like a true champion of Old England. This was for the Prussian an additional enemy.

He advanced with precaution, and slowly, this time attempting to hold his fists like the Frenchman.

"Come, come, my dear friend!" said Benedict; "I think I must stir you up a little."

And while Franz was attempting to imitate Benedict's attitude, not suspecting that it was not good, inasmuch as his adversary had adopted it, the latter gave him the most terrible kick on the leg that the tibia can undergo. The bone cracked under it.

Franz recoiled, overcome with pain, and returned to the charge, with his fist raised as if he were going to knock down an ox. But Benedict had resumed his English attitude, and when he felt his enemy within reach, his arm shot out like a spring, and delivered on the Prussian's stomach a blow, which the stoutest boxer in Great Britain would not have disavowed. The glove cracked with it in every seam.

Franz reeled back three paces, and fell like a mass, stretched out on the ground.

"Good faith, gentlemen!" said Benedict to his seconds, "I cannot do any better; and to do more, I should have to kill him."

Then, approaching Franz, "Do you acknowledge yourself beaten?" he said to him.

Franz made no answer.

"We acknowledge it for him," said the seconds; "he has fainted."

The surgeon approached, and felt Franz's pulse. "I must bleed this man at once," he said, "or I won't answer for his life."

"Bleed him, doctor—bleed him; I have done what I could to prevent death from taking part in our affairs. Everything that concerns life belongs to you."

Then, approaching the major, whom he kissed, the journalist, whom he saluted, and the seconds, whose hands he took, he put on his velvet tunic, and re-entered his carriage, less ruffled than if he were just quitting a dinner on the grass.

"Well, then, my dear sponsor?" he inquired of Anderson, as he entered the carriage.

"Well, then, my dear godson," answered the colonel, "I have ten among my friends, without counting myself, who would have given a thousand louis to see what I have just seen."

"Monsieur," said Lenhart, "if you promise me never to hunt without me, and never to fight without my being present, I engage myself, my horse, my carriage, to serve you for nothing, all my life."

Benedict, in fact, left his three adversaries stretched on the ground, and returned, as he had predicted to Kaulbach, without the slightest scratch.

II.—BENEDICT'S SKETCHES.

WHEN Benedict returned to the Royal Hotel, he found there the servant of his illustrious *confrère* Kaulbach, who was waiting his return, to carry the news to his master. The rumor had spread quickly in the little town of Hanover, that, in response to the letter inserted by Benedict in the *Neue Zeitung*, three cards had been transmitted him that morning, and that he had set out, with his seconds and his adversaries, for Ellenriede, the place where affairs of honor ordinarily came off.

Kaulbach, uneasy, had wished to be the first to hear the result of the treble encounter, but, not daring to send any one to the ground, he had sent his servant to the Royal Hotel.

Benedict directed the servant to reassure his master, telling him to say to him, that he would come to thank him himself for his courtesy, if he was not afraid of exciting the curiosity of the whole city at that time.

As soon as he had arrived, Colonel Anderson invented a pretext for leaving Benedict: from his position as ordnance officer to the king, he had probably to render an account, in official quarters, of the manner in which he had spent the day.

In the same manner as it had required but an instant for the provocation to be known, it required but an instant for the result of the triple combat to become no secret for anybody. A fact so unprecedented in the history of duels—three combats fought and won without receiving a scratch—seemed a thing so extraordinary, that this extraordinary thing, joined to the hatred which they felt for the Prussians, determined the young people of the city to send a deputation to Benedict to offer him their compliments.

Benedict received the deputies, and spoke to them in so pure a German that they retired struck with astonishment.

Scarcely had they departed, when Master Stephan entered, and told him that some travelers who were stopping at his house were so thoroughly amazed at his achievement during the day, that they requested him to do them the honor of dining at the *table d'hôte*, that they might have an opportunity of paying their respects to him.

Benedict answered, that he had nowise understood the astonishment which a conduct that was quite natural had excited, but he would be happy to do anything which could be agreeable to the guests of his host.

Master Stephan had had time to spread it abroad in the city that the young Frenchman, the topic of all conversation, consented, for this time only, to dine at the *table d'hôte*. Instead of twenty-five covers, he laid two hundred. These two hundred covers were all occupied.

Thinking that there was a revolt, the Hanoverian police made its appearance on the scene. But it was explained to them, that this was a family festival, a demonstration similar to that which had been made, eight days before, under the windows of Monsieur de Boesewerk, at Berlin—except that it was prompted by an entirely different motive. The Hanoverian police was an excellent police, which loved far more festivals and patriotic demonstrations.

Instead of opposing this one, it protected it, with all its power; thanks to which, everything passed off in the most orderly manner possible.

At midnight they permitted Benedict to withdraw to his chamber, but they organized a serenade under the windows, which lasted until two o'clock in the morning.

At nine o'clock Kaulbach entered his chamber. The Prince Royal invited Benedict to come and breakfast with him at the Chateau of Herrenhausen, and begged him to bring his sketches with him. Kaulbach was charged to bring him with him.

Breakfast was ordered for eleven o'clock, but the Prince Royal would be obliged to Benedict if he would come at ten o'clock, in order to give him an opportunity of chatting before and afterward.

Benedict lost no time; he set himself to work at once to make his toilet, although Kaulbach, who was a familiar guest at the chateau, repeated to him that he might come in his riding-coat, or in a black suit. He put on the uniform of an officer of marines, the same which he had worn when making, as a volunteer, the campaign in China; fastened on his breast the Cross of the Legion of Honor, whose simple ribbon, on the coat of certain men, is more esteemed than such and such a Grand Cordon upon others, buckled on a sabre which had been presented to him by Said Pasha, took his sketches, and entered Kaulbach's carriage.

Master Lenhart had leave of absence for the whole day.

In twenty-five minutes they were at the Chateau of Herrenhausen, which is distant only a league from Hanover. And as he arrived in an open carriage, Benedict could see the young prince standing upright behind a window, so great was his impatience to meet him again. His Royal Highness was alone with his aid-de-camp, a distinguished officer of engineers, and, in his capacity of officer of engineers, a skilful draughtsman; and, which is a rare thing, without a too great contempt for the picturesque.

The prince, without opening his mouth to Benedict on the subject of his three duels of the day before, inquired courteously after his health. It was evident that he was not ignorant of the smallest details; and, if Benedict had had any doubts about it, all uncertainty was removed when Colonel Anderson arrived as a guest at the breakfast.

But that which above all attracted the regards of the young prince, was the portfolio of sketches which Benedict held under his arm.

Benedict met the wishes of the prince half way. "Your Highness desired to see some of my sketches," he said, "and, thinking that it would be the most interesting, I have brought the sketch-book which contains my hunting adventures."

"Oh, give it to me!—give it to me!" said the prince, holding out his hand eagerly. Then placing the sketch-book on the piano, he set to work to turn the leaves over rapidly. At the third or fourth he became quiet.

"Ah!" said he, "do you know that this is very fine?"

Kaulbach also had drawn near. "What! Is that from your pencil?" he inquired of Benedict. "Why, whose do you suppose it to be? Do you think that, perchance, I bought those studies?"

"No; you would not be rich enough."

"What is this?" said the young prince.

"That," said Benedict, "is, I will not say my first shot; I will call it my first knife-stroke at Chandernagor."

"How your first knife-stroke? Why, it is a tiger!"

"A tigress; see the little ones."

"And you killed her with a stroke of your knife?"

"Yes, prince."

"Do you hear that, Anderson? with a stroke of the knife!"

"I hear perfectly, and it does not at all astonish me. What does astonish me, is, that monsieur did not take a fancy for strangling her with his hands. But, perhaps," he added, laughing, "as he does when boxing, he puts on gloves when he goes tiger-hunting."

"How did it all happen, Monsieur Benedict?"

"Why, in the simplest manner, prince."

"Tell us the story."

"I am afraid I should weary you, monseigneur."

"Oh, no! no!—the story!"

"You wish it?"

"I beg you."

"I obey your Highness. I had been for two days at Chandernagor, when I heard some talk of a great hunt which was to take place on the left bank of the Hooghly. A tigress had made her lair in the heart of a jungle, about two kilometres from the dwelling of a rich Dutch farmer, from whom she had carried off two horses, and one of whose negro servants she had strangled. The French officers had decided to beat up the vicinity, and to deliver the country from the monster which spread abroad so much terror. I expressed to my host a desire to take part in the expedition. He told me I must address myself to an old French captain, who was, by right, at the head of all these sorts of expeditions, and whom they called Captain Tiger, in consequence of the extraordinary number of these animals he had killed—fifty or sixty, perhaps."

"I knew him," said Colonel Anderson; "he had one eye, and half of his face torn away by the blow of a tiger's paw."

"That is the man; I have no need to paint you his portrait, monseigneur," answered Benedict. And, turning over three pages of the album, "For the rest," he said, "here he is!"

"But these are not sketches," said Kaulbach.

"I went to see him. He received me with the utmost courtesy; asked if I had ever before hunted fierce animals. I told him the truth: Never."

"But, in case," he added, "you found yourself face to face with a tiger or a panther, would you be able to answer for yourself?"

"I hope so," I answered.

"For the rest, you are of age," he said; "are you not?"

"Yes; and a year over."

"That is your own affair, then."

"Captain Tiger was accustomed to ask these questions in order to satisfy his conscience."

"We set off the next morning. I had on my shoulder a rifle with explosive balls, a revolver, and a Ciroassian candjar at my belt. They had procured excellent horses for us at Chandernagor."

"We started at five o'clock in the evening, in order to avoid the excessive heat of the day, and expected to arrive at the settlement about eight or nine o'clock. We crossed the river Hooghly just at Chandernagor, and followed the left bank at a distance of one hundred and fifty or two hundred paces. The road, ravishingly picturesque, was shaded by magnificent trees—banana trees, macaw trees, mimosa, tulip trees, ravenallas—giants of the tropics, which balanced in purest ether their plumed heads, and joined themselves in an arch above the caravans. Along their stems there crept, like convolvuluses, bindweed and volubilis, with large and abundant leaves, with flowers of glowing color, red, purple or sapphire blue."

"From time to time, a bird, that one would mistake for a flying flower, passed, uttering a cry of joy, or of fright, or of mockery, white, every now and then, a hawk would start back from fear of

stepping upon an adder coiled in the middle of the road. And everything grew and lived with that vegetable and animal life so powerful in India, where the reed, while remaining a reed, attains the height of the poplar; where the fig tree makes, by itself alone, at the end of ten years, a forest of baobabs, with its flights of peacocks, its troops of monkeys, its hordes of tigers, and its nests of serpents.

"We arrived at the settlement, as we had expected, between eight and nine o'clock, but Mr. Forster, his wife and children, had set out the evening before, so great was the terror inspired by the tigers.

"We were received as liberators. Mr. Forster had given orders that the whole house should be placed at our disposal. A Homeric supper awaited us, washed down with the best wines of France. We sent for the negroes, but they gave us only very meagre information. Since the tigers had eaten one of them, it was impossible to make them go outside of the house.

"They told us, however, that, if we would take a walk of fifty paces, we would probably hear the roaring of the beast.

"We set out, gun in hand. It was exactly the hour at which ferocious beasts are accustomed to prow around the settlements.

"Our tigers were on the hunt. We heard her roar, but in a direction opposite to that where we knew she had her young ones.

"It would have been chance if we had found her, and, besides, the darkness would have rendered the encounter uncertain. We returned to the house, and gave orders to be awakened at three o'clock the next morning.

"Luckily, we had brought our own negroes with us; those belonging to the settlement failed us completely. All they could do for us was to mount, with Captain Tiger, on the roof of the house, and point out to him the place near which the tigress could be found.

"The captain descended. The jungles were of moderate extent; they were surrounded with settlements, except on one side, where they stretched away to the mountains.

"We were, in all, eight hunters. We had twelve negroes, and twelve dogs—six English dogs, six African grayhounds.

"It was impossible to enter the jungle on horseback; it was too thick for that: we therefore made our arrangements accordingly. We entered the jungle on foot, each accompanied by a negro and a dog.

"The negro walked before me, and the dog before the negro; but at the first yelp which we heard, my dog dashed forward and disappeared.

"We were following a little path worn in the thickness of the jungle by wild animals; the negro pushing the reeds aside and keeping a lookout for snakes.

"Suddenly we heard our dogs give tongue all together, and at the same place. This place was scarcely twenty paces distant from where I was. I comprehended that the honor of laying the tigress low was reserved for me.

"The negro, who was accustomed to this sort of hunting, leaned over to my ear and said, 'The beast has been surprised with her young, and pinned by the grayhounds before she could get on her feet and make flight.'

"The dogs made a tremendous row. I resolved, cost what it might, to arrive first. I heard the captain's voice about thirty paces behind. 'Be on your guard,' he shouted; 'it is the tigress!'

"I grasped the negro by the waist, drew him back, and passed in front of him. He did not wait to be pressed, but gave up his place without any objection.

"But three paces further on I stopped. I was face to face with the tigress. When she saw me, she made a motion as if to spring upon me; but luckily two of our grayhounds held her by the ears, and pressed close to her side, taking care to keep out of the reach of her claws.

"Three or four other grayhounds laid hold on the skin of her neck and that of her loins. With her two paws spread out, she was protecting two young tigers, about as large as wild cats, which, divining their danger, crouched under her belly. I was face to face with her. Her head, the skin of which was drawn back by the grip of the dogs, was stretched out toward me, and displayed formidable teeth. She understood that it was not from our English dogs, which were howling and yelping behind her; that it was not even from the grayhounds who had pinned her, that the greatest danger was to be expected; but that it was from the man; and she forgot the yelps and bites, to menace me. Her tawny eyes glittered like two topazes; the alaver of rage dripped from her throat; and she gnashed her two jaws against each other.

"I riveted my eyes on hers. I knew that as long as a man has the courage to fix his eye on a lion, tiger, panther, or jaguar, his eye imposes on the animal, be it ever so ferocious. But, if the slightest hesitation manifests itself in the man's look, if his eyeball quivers, or turns aside, he is lost; the animal is on him with a bound, and with one bite the man is dead.

"I took my rifle to blow her brains out. I was sufficiently sure of my shot to be able to lodge the ball in her brain or her heart, but it seemed to me that that would be cowardice. Captain Tiger had related, the evening before, the story of a Frenchman who had made a wager at Calcutta that he would kill a tigress in her lair with the bayonet alone. That story recurred to my mind, and tormented me.

"I threw my rifle back on my shoulder, drew my Circassian knife, sharp-pointed as a needle, keen-edged as a razor, and went straight at the tigress, without taking my eyes off her an instant. Then, with as much tranquillity as if I had to do with a wild boar or a stag, I placed one knee on the ground, and thrust my poniard up to the hilt, just at the shoulder-joint. Pain made her utter a terrible roar and give so violent a start that my candelar was torn from my grasp.

"I threw myself on one side. The tigress sprang forward, still pinned by the two grayhounds, and rolled on the ground with them, four steps from the place where I had struck her.

"I took my rifle from my shoulder, and cocked it rapidly, in order to be ready for everything. But the grayhounds held on well, and the poniard also. The tigress had four inches of steel in her body.

"She had rolled over three or four times, strangling one grayhound, and ripping open another with a stroke of her paw, but the four others threw themselves upon her, the six English dogs joined in the game, and when the other hunters arrived, with Captain Tiger at their head, the tigress had disappeared under a moving mountain, a howling mass, speckled with every conceivable color.

"Then I felt something playing between my legs. I looked down, and saw it was the young tigers. I took one in each hand by the skin of the neck, and lifted them above my head, in order to prevent them being torn by the dogs. During this time Captain Tiger was striking heavy blows with his whip, right and left, on this shapeless mass, which seemed an animal with a thousand tails; the dogs stood aside, and finally exposed to view the dying tigress. During the death-agony three-fourths of the knife had worked out from her breast.

"Whose knife is it? said Captain Tiger, withdrawing it from the wound.

"Mine, captain, I answered, pushing aside with my foot the grayhounds, who were trying to leap on the young tigers, which I still held by the neck.

"Well, my dear compatriot, that promises well for a beginning."

"Excuse the faults of the author, as they say in the Spanish epilogues."

"And what became of the young tiger? I am particularly interested in the orphan."

"I gave them, on my way to Cairo, to Said Pasha, who gave me this Damascus blade in exchange." And Benedict showed the curved sabre which he wore at his side.

They continued to turn over the pages of the sketch-book in silence.

One of the pages represented the death-agony of three elephants; one small and two others of monstrous size, with this legend: "Triple shot." "Excuse me, Monsieur Benedict," said the young prince; "but I must once more ask you for an explanation."

"Monsieur," said Benedict to him, "it has happened to you, has it not, to make a double shot at partridges, at hares, at roebucks, and perhaps even at deer? but it was reserved for me to make a triple shot, and to kill three elephants at four shots."

Kaulbach and Anderson looked at each other.

"The d—l!" said Anderson; "he tells us all that with a simplicity which might make one believe it."

"Why, good heavens!" answered Benedict, "I told you all that with the simplicity of truth. Your Highness asks to see my sketches, and I show them to you. You ask me for an explanation, and I give it to you. If his Highness will hold me quit, I swear to him nothing is more disagreeable to me than to speak of myself."

"No, no!" cried the prince. "Is it because we have not applauded the death of your tigress? Is it because we have not cried out, 'Bravo!' But that was scarcely possible. We were suffocating. Now, your three mastodons are in attitudes so comic, with their feet and proboscis in the air, that I expect the recital of their death must be as dramatic as that of the death of the tigress. Come, now, Seigneur Benedict, let us have the elephant hunt."

"I had not had," said Benedict, with a tone of obedience, "an opportunity of hunting the elephant in India, and I regretted it exceedingly. One does not return to Calcutta, Pondicherry, or Benjara, as one returns to Berlin or Vienna. When the English company's steamer had deposited me at Ceylon, I resolved to stay there a fortnight."

"I had several letters of introduction; among others, one to Sir George Douglas, a cadet of the great house of Douglas, which has played a part in all the important events which have shaken the English throne. Sir George Douglas commanded, with the rank of colonel, the English garrison at Ceylon."

"I sent him a letter, asking him to admit me to an audience the next day."

"The evening was fine; I had my tea served on a sort of balcony, and commenced to sip my favorite liquor, looking at the sharks which were playing about on the surface of the water with all the agility and grace of smelts or blays, which they resembled in shape."

"Some one knocked at my door."

"Come in," I cried; and I leaned my chair back, to see through the window of my balcony who it was that had rapped."

"I saw an English officer, who entered at my invitation."

"I comprehended that this could only be Sir George, and went to meet him."

"You are Monsieur Benedict Turpin?" said he, inquiringly, showing the letter which I had just sent him; so that, like a man in a hurry, he put me two questions at once.

"Yes, monsieur, and it is I, who ——— pointing to the letter with my finger."

"He bowed."

"They tell me, in this letter, that you are a sportsman."

"An enthusiastic one."

"Then you arrived just in the nick of time. We set out to-morrow on a grand elephant hunt; would you like to be of our party? I forewarn you that, if you do not go with us, you will be bored to death here, where you will find no one."

"You accepted with enthusiasm!" cried the young prince.

"Monsieur, in order that your Highness

may know me, just as I am, it is necessary that I should tell you one thing."

"What?"

"I am a coward."

Benedict's three auditors, who did not anticipate this avowal, burst into a laugh.

"A coward! you?" cried the young prince.

"By my faith, I could never have suspected it," said Anderson.

"Explain that to us," said Kaulbach.

"Very simply; I am a coward. Only, after the fashion of King Henry IV., I have a bilious temperament, and I have the courage which belongs to my temperament. At the sight, or, rather, the announcement of danger, I commence by hesitating and trembling, and then I blush for myself. My morale insults my physique; my soul takes part in it, for it comprehends that my honor, that is to say, a part of itself, is mixed up in the question. It mounts upon my animal man, which shies in vain. And once lashed on by my soul, animal man then performs wonders of recklessness, which astonish the imbeciles. Pardon me, colonel," added Benedict, laughing, "you know that present company is always excepted."

"Therefore, I received the proposition coldly."

"An elephant hunt! Bear in mind that, since I had been in India, I had longed for nothing else."

"Yes! No! How long will it last?"

"Seven or eight days."

"The d—l!" I said; "I do not know if I can."

"Come, reflect," said Sir George; "you have until to-morrow to decide."

"It seemed to me, from Sir George Douglas's tone, that he had read to the depths of my heart, and had seen what was passing there. I felt thoroughly ashamed for a moment."

"No, I thank you," said I to him; "I have no need to reflect. I will go."

"I took my handkerchief, and wiped the sweat which was dripping from my forehead."

"Have you your arms?" inquired Sir George.

"I have my rifle with explosive balls."

"Ah! that is the invention of one of your gunsmiths?"

"Yes; Devismes."

"Are you skillful in the use of it?"

"Yes."

"Have you obtained good results from it?"

"Yes."

"Take it as a last resource; but it would be insufficient as your only weapon. As for me, I know that with such a weapon I would not answer for you."

"Oh! oh!"

"I whistled, a little air, in order to ascertain at what degree of emotion my voice ceased to be correct."

"What more must I have? I asked."

"You must have three double-barrel rifles."

"Where can I get them?"

"That is my affair."

"But I shall give way under such a weight of artillery!"

"Is a white man made to carry anything in India? That is the affair of your negroes."

"I have just arrived, and I have none."

"I will procure four for you, who are perfectly reliable, and I will tell you, while on the road, how to make use of them."

"Then it is agreed?"

"It is agreed."

"At what o'clock?"

"At six o'clock in the morning. Come to my house. It is from my house that we set out."

"We exchanged a shake of the hand. The colonel returned home, and I came back, somewhat preoccupied, to finish my tea at my window and watch the gambols of my sharks."

"That same evening, Sir George had sent me three appos—that is to say, three confidential negroes—and two coolies."

"At five o'clock in the morning I summoned my servants, who entered immediately, and aided me to dress."

"In India, the servants go to bed as soon as they get sleepy, on mats, on benches, in the corridor. You call them: they shake their ears and are ready."

"My horse, ready saddled, was waiting for me at the door, and I mounted him. My complete equipment as a hunter was waiting for me at Sir George's house, with the exception of my rifle with explosive balls, which I had thrown on my shoulder."

We crossed Colombo. Just as we arrived at Sir George's door, six o'clock struck, and the sun rose."

The French Court at Compiegne—The Circle of the Empress in the Family Parlor.

THE Imperial villegiature is at an end. The guests of the fourth series, after getting up from the tables, after breakfast, assembled in the parlor to take leave of the emperor and his family. After exchanging a few words they entered the court carriages, which conducted them to the depot at Compiegne, whence a special train carried them to Paris. During the absence of the guests of the fourth series, the most enviable favor was to assist at the reception of the empress. Among those invited to this family circle, of which we publish to-day a picture, were Madame Fourtales, the Princess Metternich, the Duchess de Pesto, the Princess Ghika, and M. de Fourtales, M. de Metternich, and M. de Moustier, all of whom were intimate with the Imperial family.

Peter B. Sweeny, Esq., Chamberlain of the City of New York.

WITHOUT reference to the political scenes in which Mr. Sweeny has participated as an able partisan leader, he has acquired such a prominence within the last few years, that we deem it proper to place his portrait before the public.

Mr. Sweeny is a native of New York, and is now about forty-two years of age. He was educated at the Gram-

mar School of Columbia College, and on leaving that institution entered the law office of James T. Brady. He was admitted to the Bar soon after attaining his majority.

In 1880 he was appointed by Corporation Counsel Dillon to the very responsible office of Public Administrator of this city, which he held for some years, and the duties of which he discharged in the most honorable manner. In 1887 he was elected District Attorney of the County, but resigned the office after holding it for about a year.

His sound judgment and power of influencing the minds of others, gave him, at an early period in his life, a prominent place in the councils of his party, and his influence has steadily increased to such a degree, that of late he has been styled the "Bismarck" of the Democracy.

In 1886 he was appointed Chamberlain of this city, an office which gives him the control of the vast revenues of the city and county. Before his accession to that office it had been customary for the banks, which were selected as depositories of the public funds, to pay to the Chamberlain large sums for the privilege, which were considered perquisites of the office. Mr. Sweeny, with rare magnanimity and public spirit, determined to abolish this custom, and to give to the already overburdened taxpayers the benefit of the moneys so received. Accordingly, during the two years he has held the office, he has turned over to the city treasury, from that source alone, about one hundred thousand dollars, and has thereby elicited encomiums even from political adversaries.

Although in the heat of political excitement Mr. Sweeny's name has sometimes been mentioned by a partisan press in terms of disparagement, it has always been in the most vague and general way, and we do not remember any mention of a particular act on his part which could reflect in the slightest degree upon his personal honor and integrity.

An Artists' Reception in the Tenth Street Studios.

ON Saturday afternoons, during the winter, most of the artists who occupy the Studio Building at No. 51 West Tenth street, throw their rooms open for the reception of visitors. The double-page engraving in this number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER gives a faithful representation of the interior of some of these studios on one of the occasions referred to.

Of the two large studios comprised in the upper division of the design, that to the left is the one occupied by Mr. Regis Gignoux. The artist is seen exhibiting to a group of young ladies a large and fine picture of mountain scenery, painted by him for Mr. A. T. Stewart. Sketches and studies in infinite variety adorn the walls of this studio, which is fitted and furnished with great artistic taste.

The compartment to the right of the upper division represents the studio of Mr. M. F. H. de Haas, whose fine pictures of marine scenery are so often to be seen in the several art galleries of the city. A subject of this class is now upon his easel, and to it the attention of some ladies, who have just entered the studio, is addressed. It may here be stated that a majority of the visitors to the studios on reception days are ladies, whose comparative leisure enables them to cultivate a taste for art that is now rapidly developing itself in the social circles of New York.

The studio in the centre of the lower division of the design is that of Mr. W. J. Hays, whose subjects are chiefly drawn from animated nature, of which he is an observant and profound student. Large pictures of buffaloes, deer, and other wild animals of the prairies and forests, are always among the striking features of Mr. Hays's studio. It also possesses, to some extent, the characteristics of a museum, being garnished with numerous trophies of the chase, such as huge moose heads, horns of the wapiti and caribou, and many specimens of birds and quadrupeds, prepared by the artist himself.

To the left of this, the upper compartment represents the studio of Mr. F. E. Church, which is occupied during the absence of that artist by Mr. M. J. Heade, a painter who has traveled much in South America, from the rich, tropical scenery of which many of his subjects are taken.

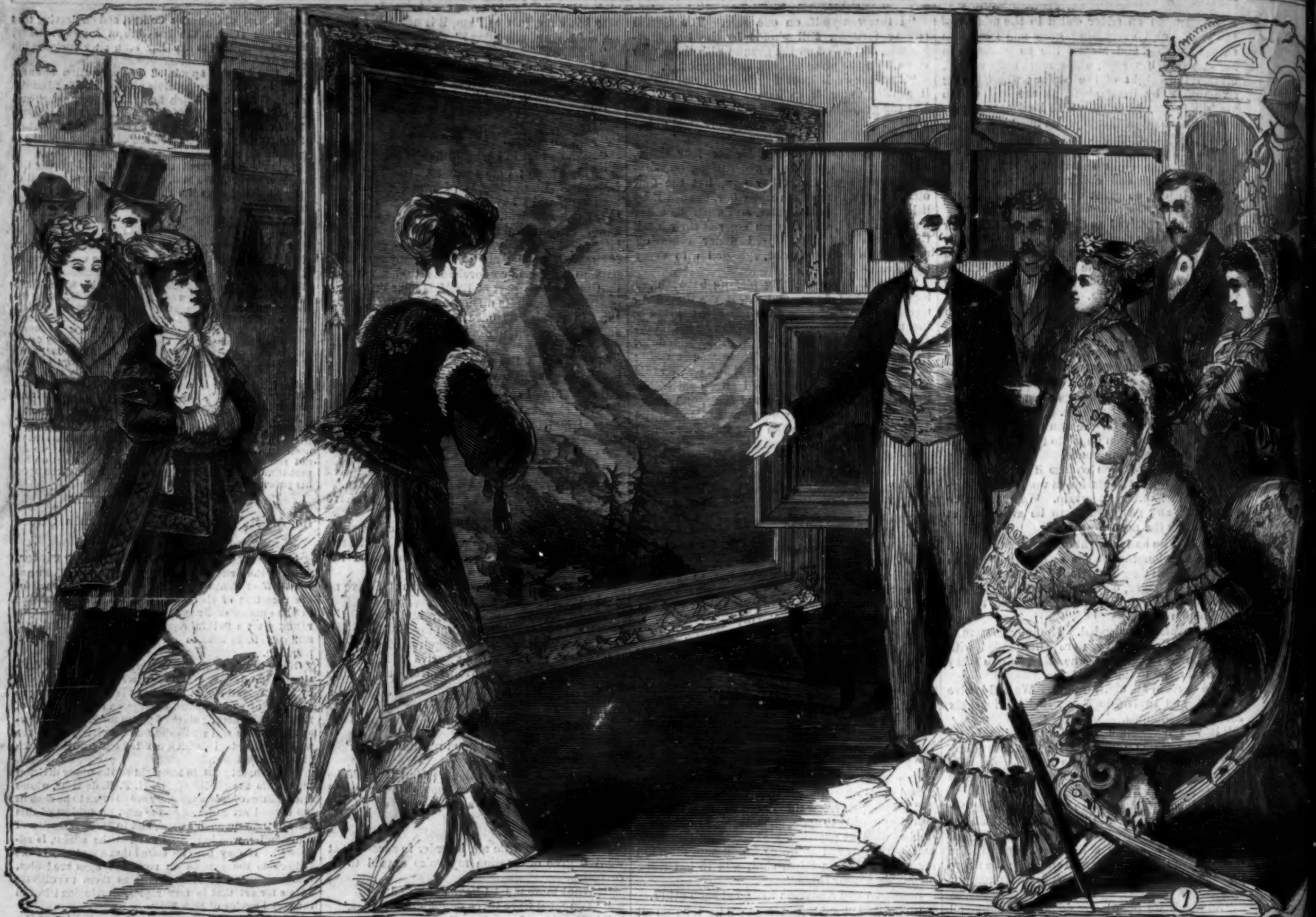
In the design beneath this we have a reminiscence of the pleasant little studio of Mr. J. J. Gay. Here the visitor is always sure to find some subject of the genre class that will repay close attention. Mr. Gay is fond of painting quaint social subjects, especially those in which children are the actors; and, in the production of candle-light effects, he is excelled by but few contemporaneous painters.

Of the remaining compartments, to the right of the design, the upper one represents the studio of Mr. William Hart, whose productions in American landscape art are so well-known to all frequenting picture exhibitions. Many interesting pictures and sketches, in water-colors as well as in oil, are always to be seen in this studio, which is one in which visitors love to tarry.

Beneath this, we have a glimpse of the studio of Mr. W. Bradford, in which there is always to be seen a number of pictures, sketches and studies, most of which are the results of explorations made by the artist, year after year, amid the rugged and picturesque scenery of Labrador and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

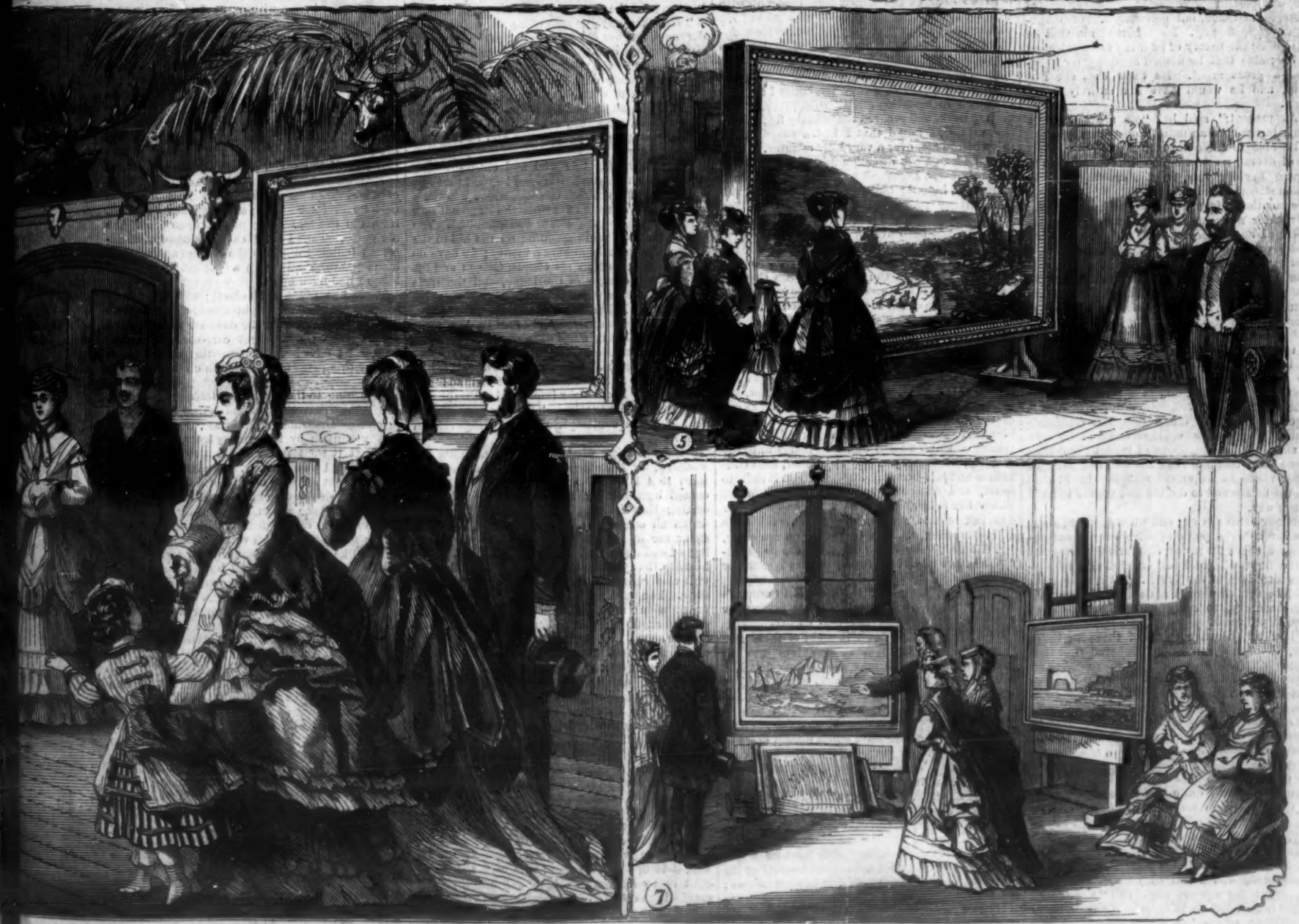
BIRTHPLACE OF THE BONAPARTES.

It will always be the chief pride of Ajaccio that she gave birth to the great Emperor. Close to the harbor, in a public square by the sea-beach, stands an equestrian statue of the conqueror, surrounded by his four brothers "in foot." They are all attired in Roman fashion, and are turned seaward, to the west, as if to symbolize the emigration of his family to conquer Europe. His father's house stands close by. An old Italian waiting-woman, who had long been in the service of the Murats, keeps it and shows it. She is well-mannered, and can tell many stories of the various members of the Bonaparte family. Those who fancy that Napoleon was born in a mean dwelling, of poor parents, will be surprised to find so much space and elegance in these apartments. Of course his family was not rich in comparison with the wealth of the French or English nobles; but for Corsicans they were well to do, and their house has an air of antique dignity. The chairs of the entrance saloon have been literally stripped of their coverings by the enthusiastic visitors; the horsehair stuffing protrudes itself in a sort of comic pride, as if protesting that it came to be soattered in an honorable service. Some of the furniture seems new; but many old cabinets inlaid with marble, agate, and lapis lazuli, such as Italian families preserve for generations, have an air of respectable antiquity about them. Nor is there any doubt that the young Napoleon led his minutes beneath the stiff draperies of the formal dancing-room. There, too, in a dark back chamber, is the bed in which he was born. At its foot is a photograph of the present Prince Imperial, sent by the Empress Eugenie, who, when she visited the room, wept much—*plains melle* (to use the old lady's phrase)—at seeing the place where such lofty destinies began. On the wall of the same room is a portrait of Napoleon himself as the young general of the Republic—with the citizen's unkempt hair, the fierce fire of the Revolution in his eyes, and a frown upon his forehead; also one of his mother, a handsome woman, with Napoleonic eyes, brows, and nose.



⑥ Bghs & S. H.

③



1. JAS. M. HART, N.A. 2. M. F. H. DE HAAS, N.A. 3. WM. J. HAYS. 4. MARTIN J. HEADE. 5. JAS. M. HART, N.A. 6. SEYMOUR J. GUY, N.A. 7. WM. BRADFORD.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

O'er there lived a youthful pair
Under Love's all-gracious care,
Morn brought ever-new delight,
And sweet dreams made glad each night;
All things sang a merry lay
As their hearts kept holiday;
Eden blossomed in each breast,
Wherein Love had built his nest.

But, alas! clouds dimmed their sky—
Small at first, of faintest dye—
Spreading, darkening, day by day,
Till Love's heaven was leaden gray;
Jealous tiffs, that angry pride
Swelled into a sullen tide,
Disuniting more and more
Hearts which loved so well of yore.

Till one day their pride gave way,
As old thoughts regained their way;
And they cried: "Would we had died,
Ere thus severed by our pride!
Bridge this gulf, O Love!" they cried.
"Launch a boat, that we may float
O'er its waters deep and wide;
Make us one again!" they cried.

Out spoke Love: "Your prayer I grant,
But nor bridge nor boat you want;
With the black cloud in your hearts
Rose that tide—with it departs."
Flash'd the stream with sunny gleam,
Then quick vanished as a dream;
Drawn aloft and set on high,
Rainbow-like, in Love's own sky.

THE

DRAWING-MASTER'S STORY.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, according to the old saying; and for one, at least, ought to be glad of the fact, considering some of my experience, the worst of which, however, fell out after the following fashion.

I am a water-color painter; and, moreover, do not deem it derogatory to give some lessons in the fascinating art. My enemies and certain gentlemen of the methodical and historical schools of painting would call me a drawing-master, and I suppose, they would not be far wrong; at any rate, I am prepared to be so dubbed, nor do I feel myself in any degree humiliated by the designation.

In the course of a long experience, I have had to do with many odd and eccentric people, chief amongst whom was a certain Mr. Canham. (For obvious reasons, I disguise the names of persons and localities).

Some years ago he called upon me with a view to my giving his daughter instruction in sketching. He was a man of about fifty or sixty, tall, wiry, sandy-complexioned, perfectly well-bred, and of courteous manners, but generally and emphatically unprepossessing. He informed me that he had studied the theory of painting more or less all his life; also that he wished his daughter to become a great artist. He knew that she had talent, and he would leave her entirely in my hands.

"At present," said he, "we are staying in town; but in the autumn I hope you may possibly be able to come down to my place and work out of doors; meanwhile, do the best you can to prepare her for this, in the drawing-room in Curzon street."

He mentioned from whom he had heard of me; did not for a moment question my ability to instruct; arranged most liberal terms; and, after rapidly propounding some rather unintelligible theories about art, he took his leave.

For three months, in the London season, I had paid periodical visits to his mansion in Mayfair. During this time I became acquainted somewhat intimately with the young lady and her governess. I found she was an only daughter; that her mother had died while she was but a child; and that ever since she had lived under the sole care of Miss Greene, a lady verging upon fifty, remarkably agreeable, and in no way answering to the generally-received notions of domestic she-dragons. I further found that Mr. Canham's peculiar ideas were not confined to art; they were the same upon all questions of tuition; and Miss Greene soon told me that his bad and peculiar temper made all argument with him fatal; that he must be allowed to dictate and appear to have his own way.

I followed this advice; and when the family left town I received a polite note from the father enclosing a check for my services and thanking me for the improvement I had effected in Miss Canham's handling of the brush. A time, he said, would be settled when I should pay them a visit in the country, to carry on the lessons out of doors, as proposed.

I, however, heard nothing of them for three years, though I had often pondered over the curious antagonism existing between father and daughter. His influence was in all ways prejudicial to her. Her whole vitality seemed depressed by his presence. He was in the habit, at least once during every lesson, of making his appearance in the drawing-room, and laying down the law and expounding his opinions. There was a pomposity in his manner and an *ex cathedra* tone in all he said that were irritating beyond measure. He was quite incapable of entering into the feelings or ideas of anybody else. His conceit and selfishness had dried up every sympathy, and it was problematical as to whether he had any heart at all.

On the other hand, his daughter, although high-spirited, was a girl of the keenest sensibility—what the doctors would call "a bundle of nerves" from head to foot—and it was perfectly unintelligible to me how there could be any relationship between them, especially the close one which existed.

His very voice affected her; it made her shrink visibly into a smaller compass; her eyes would assume a hopelessly blank look; nor was it until she was once more left alone with Miss Greene and myself that her light-heartedness and natural buoyancy returned, or that she would again expand, either morally or physically—as certain flowers shut and open their petals under the influence of cloud or sunshine.

At last, early in December, 18—, I received the following letter from Mr. Canham. It bore no address or date, but had a London post-mark:

"DEAR SIR—Various circumstances prevented my arranging for the continuance of your lessons to my daughter, as I hoped. Now, however, I should be glad of your further assistance. I think that no better method of studying landscape out of doors can be found than begin with what one may call 'Nature's skeleton,' when her frame-work is completely visible. I should wish Miss Canham, therefore, to commence sketching at this season of the year; and, if your arrangements will permit, it will give me great pleasure if you can spend the next month, including your Christmas, with us, at a little place I have taken near Pellerton, Northlandshire, where Miss Greene and my daughter are at present staying alone. Go down as soon as you can and set to work. You are expected.

"I fear, however, I may not be able to join you until Christmas Eve. I keep a very small establishment at Drearholt Lodge, so you will excuse my not sending a carriage to meet you at Pellerton station; but you will obtain a fly there to convey you to the house.

"One thing only I have to request; you must on no account let any one know where you are. During the time you are with us manage to have as little correspondence as possible; date your letters as from London, enclose them to Mr. Truston (a factotum of mine), Aston place, Hornsey, and they will be safely posted; also authorize your servant to give him all your letters when he calls, and I will answer for their reaching you safely. I will make ample compensation for any inconvenience this arrangement may put you to, but absolute secrecy I must insist upon.

"Faithfully yours,

"W. CANHAM."

Strange conditions these, I thought; but quite like him; only I fancy the young lady will find it cool work painting out-of-doors this weather. My curiosity was excited. I had no important correspondence or business at this time. I knew this would be a remunerative expedition; and as Christmas had long ceased to be a very marked season with me, and as it mattered little now where I spent it, I determined to go.

In a few days, therefore, I found myself traveling on the Great Northern Railway into Northlandshire. The rather singular conditions of silence imposed on me impressed me with an idea that my visit might not be wholly without romance or adventure. I felt fully convinced that I should find a marked change in my pupil.

The peculiar want of sympathy and the misunderstanding which I had discovered as existing between her and her father, combined now with this seclusion in a retired and wild part of the country, at what is generally the season for sociability and enjoyment, pointed to a state of things so thoroughly unusual, that my presentiments seemed at least well founded.

After a journey of nearly ten hours I reached the lonely little station at Pellerton, just as it was getting dark, and secured the solitary fly; but, to my surprise, I found that I had a twelve-mile drive before me, over a very hilly country. I soon lost all idea of the direction we were taking, and it was late ere Drearholt was reached. It was a mere box, indeed; but fires blazed cheerily, and Miss Greene received me cordially. On asking for my pupil, she told me gravely that Miss Canham had not been well of late, and had gone to bed. My presentiments were not hushed by her peculiar manner, and by degrees, over the supper-table, I elicited the fact that Miss Canham had been kept in this seclusion for the last month, in consequence of a love affair of which her father did not approve.

"He just takes," said Miss Greene, "the same perverse view of this as of all other matters concerning the child. There is not the slightest reason for his objections; the gentleman is of large fortune, good birth, irreproachable character, and his offer might altogether be looked upon as one of the most eligible description. Mr. Canham, however, will not hear of it, and persists in maintaining that no woman ought to marry until she is thirty, whilst, as you may remember, Miss Canham is but just twenty. She has taken it sadly to heart, and the unfortunate adverse influence which her father's presence always had upon her does not in this instance disappear as it used to do in his absence. I am very glad you are come, Mr. Manser," she continued, "as I hope the interest Mabel takes in your lessons may benefit her health, which has suffered somewhat severely."

"Probably," I replied, "this was Mr. Canham's idea, for it is a somewhat unusual season for ladies to think of sketching from nature."

"Oh, dear, no! he never thought of that. Her health or her happiness never enters into his arrangements. He thinks of nothing but her putting into practice the theory, which has just sprung up in his mind, about beginning to draw from the skeleton of nature. If he had wanted her to learn algebra or Dutch, on some pet plan of his own, he would have had a master down to carry out his views immediately. No," she continued, with a sigh, "he thinks of nothing but himself; it is very cruel, and now that Mabel's future is at stake, I feel my responsibility becoming more than I can bear. In trivial things it does not matter; but his absolute refusal to look at the question of Mabel's engagement rationally is serious. It signifies very little whether he has her taught this or that accomplishment after his own systems, as he is pleased to call his fancies; but it does signify very much his insisting on his theory of women not marrying until they are thirty being carried out when his daughter's happiness is imperiled. He has no objection to a ten years' engagement, although, as I have said,

there is nothing to prevent the marriage taking place at once. Of course, Mr. Hurlford objects to waiting so long; and we have been sent here to prevent the possibility of an elopement, which at one time appeared so imminent."

"But surely," I remarked, "Mr. Hurlford knows where you are?"

"No; I am positive he does not."

"Oh! then," said I, "this accounts for the silence imposed upon me. But, pray tell me, is it not very absurd to suppose that your whereabouts can be long kept secret?"

"No, indeed; not so absurd as you may think; it was very cunningly managed by Mr. Canham. Listen:

"There had been many painful scenes between father and daughter. We were in town, ostensibly on our way to the Continent, where we were to winter, and this intention was made as public as possible in the household. It was uncertain how long we should be away, and all letters for the present were to be directed Post Restante, Genoa. One evening we three left Curzon street in a cab, unaccompanied by any servants, the butler telling the driver, as he shut the door, to go to Charing Cross terminus. We had scarcely turned into Piccadilly when Mr. Canham put his head out of the window and ordered the man to drive to the Great Northern Station. I was somewhat surprised, but poor Mabel was in far too distressed and absent a state of mind to take any heed of the change, and nothing more was said till we reached King's Cross. There would be an hour to wait, the porter told us, before the limited mail started; but we could get into the carriage, which had been secured, if we pleased, at once.

"When Mabel had entered, Mr. Canham held me back, and, telling the guard to lock the door, took me aside, and then informed me of his scheme. He declared his intention of breaking off all possibility of communication with Mr. Hurlford, and leave him without any clue to our destination, except the false one thrown out by the address given to the servants in Curzon street. He entreated, and, in a way, commanded me, to aid and assist him in furthering his plans, and insisted on my promising to do so. The unexpected proceeding, as well as the suddenness and energy with which he urged my compliance, gave me no time to reflect; indeed, much as I might have objected and still do object to the plan he is adopting, of course, I could but acquiesce. Nay, so urgent was he, that he made me faithfully promise, and I believe he was going to ask me to swear, to keep his counsel.

"We then returned to the carriage, and, having taken our seats, he told Mabel that he had no intention of going abroad, that she was to consider herself bound in honor to hold no communication with Mr. Hurlford. 'But, he continued, 'Miss Greene will see that my wishes are carried out, and that you are kept isolated from all society until you are prepared to forego your wish to marry for the next ten years.'

"Her face gave no sign of his words being understood, but her old habit of shrinking from him was more apparent than ever. It was a most trying time, and I felt most culpable as I thus found myself a partner in his cruel and absurd behavior—turned, as it were, involuntarily into a jailer over the girl whom I had loved as if she had been my own, and for whose sake alone I had put up with Mr. Canham's perversities and oddities for so many years.

"We arrived at this wild and out-of-the-way place in due time, and afterward learned that Mr. Canham had hired this cottage, which was but a keeper's lodge in the days when the large but now ruinous house of the estate was inhabited. You will see it to-morrow standing on the hill to the right. We have been here a month; we have no attendants but an infirm couple, Gibson and his wife, left in charge of the lodge, and the little country girl who waits upon us. We are twelve miles from Pellerton, the nearest post town, whence all our provisions are sent twice a week. Mr. Canham left us a few days after we had been here, but returns on Christmas Eve."

"Good gracious!" I interposed; "why, it is like being buried alive!—the man must be mad!" for by this time I was fully impressed with the singularity of the situation. "How do you mean to act? Do you contemplate letting things remain thus?"

"I don't know what to do. I am quite bewildered, for Mabel has become so fitful and wayward that I have fears for her reason. She has ceased bemoaning her fate, and, naturally conceiving that I am siding with her father, withdraws all confidence in me. I strive in vain to cheer her up; she only repels me. I was thinking of writing to Mr. Canham's brother, when, hearing that you were coming, I thought I would wait and consult with you as to what could be done. You understand the extreme difficulty of my position; my word has been passed, and if I refused any longer to consider myself bound, I am not sure that Mr. Canham would not give me my congé, and possibly place Mabel under the care of an utter stranger. This I could not bear, loving her as I do," and here the poor lady's heart failed her, and she burst into tears.

I was fairly nonplussed, and we did not pursue the discussion much further. I slept little that night, thinking over all I had heard and the strangeness of my position. Yet, what business of mine were Mr. Canham's domestic affairs? I had no plea for interfering. No; I could only do what I had undertaken, and, possibly this night, in some degree, shorten the days for the poor girl, in whom my interest was now increased.

I dressed as soon as it was daylight, and went out into the gray and chill December morning. It was, indeed, a solitary spot; utterly secluded and shut in by hills, which here and there almost reached the dignity of mountains. The whole aspect of the place was uncanny to a degree, rendered more so by the time of year and the wild drifting clouds, which hung about and swirled round the crests of the bare and rugged promon-

tories. There was but one road apparently to the house, and this was soon lost to view by reason of the undulating character of the country. A gloomy, ruinous, deserted, mansion-like building stood, as Miss Greene had described, and one could imagine that the whole property and district were under some sort of ban; for, although the cottage was snug enough inside, externally it wore a very woebegone and dilapidated appearance.

When, at breakfast, I met Miss Canham, I was really startled at her appearance. Miss Greene's story had prepared me in some measure, but not fully, for what I saw. Her figure had rounded but little since we met, though her face had grown older. A ghost only of a smile sprung up as we shook hands, and it was with great difficulty that I could in any way interest her in the work before us. Later in the day, when we strolled out with a view to settling on some picturesque subject, a slight spark of her former enthusiasm (for she had always been fond of art, and possessed no mean capacity for drawing) revived.

The weather brightened somewhat. I felt less depressed as the sun shone out, and it was now, although within a fortnight of Christmas Day, by no means cold. Sketching out of doors, well wrapped up, would be agreeable enough; and, after some consultation, we fixed upon a point in the peculiar but not unpicturesque neighborhood suitable for our purpose. Four or five days passed more pleasantly than might have been expected; we progressed with our study satisfactorily; the spirits of both of my companions rose—the younger even at times evincing delight over her sketch. I frequently renewed my conversation with Miss Greene, and heard many little family details that showed and explained several points that were at first rather obscure, but which are not essential to my narrative.

One afternoon, when we had finished drawing, at a considerable distance from the cottage, the ladies went toward home, whilst I lingered—as we painters are apt to, when we see fresh capabilities in scenery—for I thought from a certain point a good composition might be had of a new subject. I got over a low wall by the side of the footpath we had been sitting in, and went toward a ruinous-looking barn at the end of an adjoining field. As I approached it I found that it was part of some old monastic building which had been converted to farm purposes. It was so high that it must, in its former state, have consisted of more than one story. The ordinary barnlike gates were on the side by which I reached it, and were the only visible means of ingress.

It occurred to me that one could sit inside, and by looking back get a capital view of the subject I was contemplating. This would be particularly desirable, for there was a threatening of colder weather, and I did not want to let Miss Canham's interest slacken in her outdoor painting. But when I tried to open the doors I discovered they were fastened from within; so I made my way, with difficulty, through a hedge, round to the other side, which abutted on a by-lane, and which I had not observed until I thus came suddenly upon it.

High above, on this side, there were three old arched windows, two of which had been bricked up; the third had a wooden door, standing partly open, which could be reached by a tall ladder or movable flight of old wooden steps, resting against the wall. Up these I went, and discovered that this end of the upper part of the building was a loft, another door of which led to a second flight of steps, down on to the thrashing-floor of the barn itself. I descended; and then, as I expected, from the inside, I easily pushed open one of the old gates. Thus I found that this empty and deserted building would make a large and commodious painting hut, with a perfect view of the scene I had fixed upon.

There was not a soul about; and the unusual solitude of the whole neighborhood was even more remarkable here, from the desolate aspect of the building and the adjacent cart-sheds and out-houses. I have been thus minute in my description of this place for reasons which will soon appear.

Returning to the by-lane, I took my bearings, concluding that there would be no difficulty in reaching Drearholt that way; for, although closely shut in by the leafless trees, I could still see that it went parallel with the line of hills, with which I was familiar. A sharp turn in the road brought it to the margin of a brawling trout stream which ran through the valley. Some way down I could see a man, who, but for the time of year, might have been fishing; but he was too far off for me to distinguish very clearly either what he was like or what he was doing; and I should not have noticed him at all but for the rarity of the human species in these parts, for days would pass without our seeing any one in this district, the most thinly-populated I ever was in. The lane eventually fell into the main road, leading from Drearholt to Pellerton station, but at a greater distance from the former than I expected.

On reaching home I propounded my scheme of sitting in the barn, which was hailed with acclamation. Now, although, as I have hinted, Miss Canham had revived considerably since my arrival, she had not displayed anything like the marked improvement of spirits noticeable on this particular evening; and but for a certain excitement and anxiety in her manner, one would have said she was nearly her old self again, and during dinner Miss Greene and I exchanged glances of satisfaction. Later, when she had retired for the night, this condition was naturally the chief topic of my usual *à-tête* with the kind-hearted duennas.

"His too sudden," I said, "to be quite satisfactory. When you left me in the valley there was no evidence of these high spirits; when did they come on?"

"Well, just before dinner. We had been to our room, and Mabel was a longer time than usual

dressing. I came down alone. When she followed, I saw she was rather excited, and was surprised at her extreme access of gaiety. I can't quite account for it, because she has hardly been out of my sight. You know we occupy the same room, as Mr. Canham requested; and, indeed, I promised him never to leave her alone more than I could help. If such a thing were possible, I should think she had received some news. Yet this cannot be, for she has no letters; and even the few I have are forwarded from Genoa, this being part of the plan so carefully laid for our isolation. Moreover, what correspondence there is passes through my hands, as I keep the key of the letter-bag, which is brought and carried away by a walking postman. A little more to the same effect brought us to bedtime, and we bade each other good-night.

Next day and the two following we made consecutive pilgrimages to the barn, which, by-the-way, was further off than we had at first supposed; but we took our luncheon with us, and usually spent many hours there, seldom returning till it began to grow dusk. The sketch was highly satisfactory, but it still wanted two good days' work.

Meanwhile Miss Canham's enthusiasm and improved spirits continued unabated; but Miss Greene complained bitterly of the cold, and tried to persuade her to finish her drawing at home. But the young lady was very self-willed, and I was loth to check the interest she took in her pursuit; so she carried her point, although, but for the friendly shelter of the barn, the coldness of the weather, albeit bright and fine, would have prevented her doing so.

We had now reached the 23rd December; and going home by the footpath that afternoon, as I frequently did, alone, I again remarked a man, walking along the lane on which the barn abutted, whom I somehow fancied was the person I had seen on the banks of the stream; but I was this time also too far off to be sure, and only noticed the fact, from the same reason as on the former occasion.

That night a change crept over us. The weather became intensely cold; a sharp frost powdered the country with a film of white, and on the morning of the 24th, as we walked off for the last time to our little encampment, there was a slight fall of snow. It became a question of turning back, but Miss Canham positively refused; she said she had taken so much pains with her sketch that she was determined to finish it from nature, and that it would not be at all unpleasant in the barn; moreover, insisting that it would be great fun having a picnic in the snow.

But about an hour after we had settled ourselves, things began to look rather serious. The cold was frightful, the wind blew straight in at the open door, and the snow fell at intervals in enormous flakes. Nevertheless, our enthusiast took no heed of it, but diligently worked away, though, as I told her, the effect was so changed that all she was doing could be better done at home.

No; she would stay, she was determined; she liked the novelty of the situation—this pursuit of art under difficulties.

By degrees the weather got much worse. We could not see our subject for the now continuous veil of snow, falling in front of us. It drifted into the barn, and gathered rapidly and thickly at the foot of the one door that was not open. At last, between two and three o'clock, it became quite hopeless, and I was obliged to close the other side of the two doors. We must prepare to trudge back again, and I began to pack up our materials. The wind howled and rattled through the loft, banging the wooden window, and giving unmistakable evidence of a furious storm. Still, we could not stay there, and the sooner we got home the better; yet it seemed ridiculous to attempt to face such weather—it could not last all the afternoon thus. What should we do?

There was a great deal of vacillation; we would wait awhile, at least, and, while waiting, we could not employ our time better, Miss Canham thought, than by having our lunch. So nothing would serve the wayward girl, who seemed bent on doing anything for the sake of delay, but spreading out the whole array of provisions. Her spirits seemed to rise in proportion as our fell, and she laughed and joked incessantly about our "elderly" misgivings. Miserably cold and wretched, with what little light that was left gradually decreasing, it was not the gayest scene for a picnic that could be imagined. However, much time was spent over it, in spite of Miss Greene's nervousness and anxiety to get away. At last she cried, impetuously, "Do see how the weather looks, Mr. Manser; I am determined to start at once. It is the sheerest folly losing time in this manner; we shall barely get home, as it is, before dusk."

Quickly obeying her, I ran up the steps to the loft and looked out upon the road whence I had first entered the place, and was not at all reassured by what I saw. The road itself, owing to the protection of the thick holly hedge, brushwood, and trees, which skirted it on this, the weather-side, was tolerably free from snow, but heavy drifts of it were banking up in every exposed place; it still fell more thickly than ever, and the dark leaden sky hung close upon the earth. Really this was no joke; we must get away at once, or there would be positively a chance of being "snowed up."

I knew enough of wind and weather to be aware that no time should be lost. Returning to my companions, I stated my opinion, which was received by the younger one with laughter and expressions of delight at the novelty and romance of such a situation. The poor duenna was in despair.

"Oh! never mind the things," she said, wrapping her cloak round her; "they will be quite safe. Come, come, Mabel, immediately!" and she made toward the door. Having at last groped her way to it, she exclaimed,

"Good gracious, I can't open it!"

I directly went to her assistance, and found what she said was true. I put out all my strength to push it open, but it gave way scarcely an inch only at the upper part. The wind and snow whirled through the aperture in a second, and nearly blinded me, but I could see a pile of snow reaching three feet up the door.

My fears were realized much more rapidly than I expected. I renewed my efforts again and again to get it open, but with no effect. Little pats of the drift kept falling in through the crack; but as to moving the door materially, that was out of the question. We were "snowed up."

I need not dwell on the effect this discovery produced on the elder of my companions. I calmed her anxiety somewhat by explaining that our retreat was, at all events, open by way of the loft and ladder leading into the lane, and that it would not be very difficult for her to get down, and, doubtless, Gibson would find some means of looking after us.

"I feel sure the roads will be quite passable," I said; "it is only here and there that there is anything like drift at present. These doors stand exposed to the full fury of the wind, at the end of a hollow; and, if I had given it a moment's thought, I should have guessed what might happen."

At the same time, I had no idea so much snow had fallen. As to Miss Canham, she made me rather angry by the selfishness with which she disregarded her poor friend's feelings. She continued to laugh, saying that she had not been so amused for years—we should certainly have to spend the night there; but it did not matter, it would be very jolly, we had got plenty of rugs and shawls and plenty to eat and drink—and, even at that moment, she was regaling herself with a large sandwich and a glass of sherry. Nevertheless, there was an assumed indifference about her not quite natural.

I imagine it was about four o'clock, just as I was going to assist Miss Greene up the ladder into the loft, when Miss Canham darted forward, laid her hand on my arm, and said: "Hush! what is that rumbling noise? Surely there is something coming along the road!" and, pushing me aside from the steps, she ran up to the top, there exclaiming in a sort of mock-heroic tone, "Oh, yes! We are saved! We are saved!"

I followed her immediately, and, to my relief, saw a fly in the act of pulling up just under the window.

"All right," I cried to the driver; "you have come for us, I suppose; we shall be down in a minute."

"Yes," growled the man, "I be come for the lady."

I was about to turn away, when Miss Canham sprang past me, as if determined to descend at once.

"Wait a moment! wait a moment!" I cried. "For Heaven's sake, don't be in such a hurry! You had better let Miss Greene go first."

"No, no!" she replied, with her foot on the top step. "I'll help her down. Go and fetch her."

I lingered for a moment in real anxiety, as I saw this now wildly-excited young lady persist in scrambling down the wooden flight of steps, always a dangerous and ticklish operation, especially for a woman, but rendered doubly so now by their slippery condition, to say nothing of their not being fastened, but merely resting against the wall. She got half-way down, when, stopping and looking up at me, she said: "Don't be afraid. Go and fetch Miss Greene. I'll wait and help her."

"Very well," I replied; "be careful; stand steady." And away I went, calling to Miss Greene: "Now, pray come; it is all right. Here is a fly, and your young friend is half-way down the steps." And as I was helping the trembling lady into the loft, I heard the coach-door slam and a man's voice (not the driver's) say:

"Now, then, as fast as you can!"

These words were immediately followed by the muffled sound of the carriage driving away.

A sudden idea that we had both been fairly duped rushed into my mind. I hurried up to the window, and, to my amazement and consternation, there were no steps! They were thrown down, and lay half sunk in the snow, just under the window. There was no young lady, and all I could see was the carriage driving off rapidly along the road, a sharp turn in which the next moment hid it from my sight.

No words can describe my companion's agonized state of mind. I, too, felt anything but comfortable. It was quite clear that this was some preconcerted plan of elopement, to which our sketching arrangements, combined with the weather, had lent considerable assistance. The recent high spirits, the anxiety to come to the barn, the persistency with which she insisted on remaining, her assumed determination to finish her sketch, and the various little inexplicable proceedings to which Miss Canham had resorted for the sake of delay, were now all fully accounted for. Doubtless, some means of communication had been opened by Mr. Hurford, and, as I thought of it, it occurred to me as not improbable that he was the stranger who had twice come under my notice within the last few days.

Of course, if this was so, he could easily have found means to give intimation of his plans; and the imminent arrival of Mr. Canham, who, it will be remembered, was expected this very evening, had, doubtless, precipitated his proceedings; though whether Mr. Hurford was actually in the fly as it drove away, we could not be sure; yet the strange voice that I had heard, and the removal of the ladder, were items of additional presumptive evidence that he was.

For some minutes we thought of nothing but these things, but very soon our own forlorn position forced itself upon us. Here were we, nearly two miles from home, shut up complete prisoners in a dreary, out-of-the-way building, with we knew not what prospect of release. Night was

coming on, the fury of the storm by no means abating. Every moment increased our difficulty, and, as by degrees we weighed every detail, our condition looked more and more hopeless. Gibson and his wife had been, of course, expecting us every hour; they could not know, exactly, where we were, and, even if they did, the increasing depth of snow over the roads, the scanty population and absolute dearth of vehicles, would all combine to prevent anything like speedy aid reaching us.

I foresaw clearly that, unless I could manage to get out, we should have to pass the night there.

The idea of jumping from the window, which at first occurred to me, upon consideration was impossible; the thickness of the snow which on the other side of the barn blocked us in, would have been invaluable beneath the window, as a break to my fall; but, as I have said, the road, from being protected, was but scantily covered, and a leap from such a height would, in all probability, have been attended with broken bones.

Thus the elements not only combined against us, but aided and abetted the escape of our young traitress. The next thought I had was of a rope by which to lower myself; but, besides the darkness in which we were enveloped, and consequent impossibility of searching, I felt pretty sure from previous observation that there was no such thing to be found, as the barn was all but denuded of the usual odds and ends stowed away in such places.

I set to work and hallooed with all my might, but my voice could not travel a dozen yards for the roaring and moaning of the wind through the neighboring trees. Then again, despairingly, I made impotent efforts to force the barn-door; but, of course, in vain. No; beyond a doubt, our Christmas Eve (for suddenly we recollected the date) would be passed in this desolate and miserable place, and our sumptuous fare for Christmas Day would probably consist of the scanty remnants of our lunch.

Although I do smoke, I am not a slave to the habit, and, therefore, have no difficulty in relinquishing it occasionally. I had not smoked since I had been at Drearholt. So I had no pipe or tobacco with me—not even my matchbox. A thousand petty difficulties after this fashion crowded through my mind, and even occupied me for a time, more than the serious prospects of being frozen, or even starved to death. By degrees, Miss Greene began to show a little fortitude; we were obliged to look our position straight in the face, and regard it as philosophically as we could. We consulted, and settled that nothing could be done—at any rate, till daylight.

Cautiously I groped about, and got hold of our rugs and wraps, of which there was fortunately an abundance, and made up in the snugest corners I could find two apologies for resting-places. And here, literally, on this bitter eve of Christmas, in this dilapidated shelter, with the winds whistling through our roof, snowed up, helpless, with no prospect of relief, very little to eat and drink, and in total darkness, did we two pass the night!

I will not dwell upon the bodily discomfort and mental anxiety of that long, long, dreary time; it can scarcely be imagined, certainly not described. Once or twice I did fall asleep, but only to wake so benumbed that I at last dreaded giving way to drowsiness. Feeling the necessity, too, of keeping my poor companion awake, I continually endeavored to chat with her, as cheerfully as I could. However, "time and the hour run through the longest day"—and night! With the dawn the wind dropped. An hour afterward a cloudless sky, and a still, steady, hard, cold, and thoroughly seasonable Christmas morning, was the report of the weather I made from my lookout.

Again and again I hallooed till I was hoarse; the clear air seemed but to mock my impotent efforts to make myself heard! Again and again I hurled myself, despairingly, against the doors; they yielded less than ever! Again and again I sought to loosen their planking; they defied me! Again and again I tried to pick a way through the wall; it was far too substantial! Still, I could not make up my mind to jump; for if I disabled myself, then both our fates were inevitably sealed, and a drop of twenty feet or more on to hard-frozen ground would possibly result in such a catastrophe.

For six mortal hours after this, in perfect solitude, and with the most extraordinary silence reigning around, did we two forlorn, half-starved wretches wait and wait, in helpless inaction.

Were we to spend yet another night like this, last? The possibility was too horrible to think of. My companion was half stupefied, and the remains of our provisions, although I had husbanded them as well as I could, were fast running short. Evening was gradually creeping on, and, I confess, bringing utter despair now to me. We were like rats in a pit, and there seemed no hope.

Would no effort be made from the house to seek us?

"Yes; what is that? The same muffled rumble on the road that we had heard about four-and-twenty hours ago."

I looked out, and once again, sure enough, there was the fly!—the same identical pair-horsed fly, driver and all, just in the act of stopping, as I had seen him the day before.

"For God's sake put up the ladder," I half shrieked to the man, who irritated me beyond measure by not instantly springing from his box.

"Noa, noa! not yet a while," said the rascal, slowly, smiling benignly up at me, but never moving an inch.

"What do you mean?" I again shrieked. "Why, we are nearly starved to death. Get down immediately and put up the ladder."

"Noa, noa!" he repeated; "not so fast, not so fast; not till ye ha' promised to keep quiet and to say naught about it for the next two days. If you won't promise this, I'll just drive away again, and e'en leave somebody else to dig ye out!"

I saw what he meant in a moment, and saw he was in earnest, for he added, moving his horses on a yard or two:

"Now, then, will ye make up your mind? for I canna wait."

I need hardly say that we did make up our minds, and in a quarter of an hour afterward were being slowly driven along the narrow lane, which, though thickly covered with snow, was still quite passable. Two hundred yards short of the spot where it fell into the main road we stopped.

"Ye'll please to get out here; ye'll be able to find your way now before it is quite dark," was our driver's remark as he opened the door. "I canna trust to take ye further. I ha' got my orders, and ha' been well paid for the whole job; but you may give me a Christmas-box, if you like, for all that."

And this I actually did; for, once released, I was only sensible of the ludicrous and comical side of this well-managed plot.

Little more need be told. This is the way I passed my Christmas in 18—. The difficulties that followed, and poor Miss Greene's sufferings, both mental and bodily, which were really very serious, may be easily imagined. Her occupation in the Canham family was gone; gone and got married; but she still flourishes, and I have had the pleasure of giving many lessons to her present pupils.

Privately, I may state that in my opinion the stern parent was rightly served, although it was rather hard that we should have been so painfully made the instruments of his punishment.

He did not reach Drearholt for three days after his daughter's elopement, having been also "snowed up" at the further end of the county, where the railway line had been completely blocked.

I broke the news to him. It was an unpleasant but curious scene. I wish I had time to describe it. At present he has forgiven none of us. I have heard once from Mrs. Hurford, who is still abroad. She gave me a full account of how everything was managed; but told me very little that I or anybody could not have guessed from the way things fell out.

THE PADRE'S STORY.

WHAT say you, then, ladies, to another hunting adventure? You need not grin, Maclure, though you do know that I cannot hit a haystack in a high wind, for I am not going to lay claim to any heroic achievements on my own account.

Many years ago, soon after my arrival in India, an old college friend of mine asked me to pay him a visit in Nepal. What a lovely country that is, and what a paradise it might become if it were in the hands of a civilized power! However, I am not going to bore you with accounts of scenery or botanical talk of rhododendrons and orchids, so Maclure need not look so alarmed. All I mean to say is, that I spent a most happy fortnight there, wandering all about within the limits allowed to Europeans. My friend had often tried to tempt me into shooting expeditions, but I was proof against all his solicitation. At last, one day he said he was going to beat the jungle on a hill—Nagarjun I think was its barbarous name—where there were plenty of pheasants and a few woodcock to be found; and after he had tried for small game, he said he meant to have a beat for a leopard which he had heard of thereabouts.

As I had not yet ascended the hill, I said I would go with him, and see how the valley looked from up there. All the forenoon was spent in beating the thick jungle at the foot of the hill, and a very fair bag my friend made. We then ascended, and halted for tiffin on a bare shoulder, surrounded by dense jungle, about half-way up the hill. From this spot there was a lovely view of the valley, with all its streams, towns, wheat-fields, and pretty farmhouses; so here I said I would stay to admire the scenery, while my friend beat for the leopard.

After having had tiffin, away he went, with some hundred yelling natives, cur dogs, and tom-tom-beaters, making noise enough, I thought, to frighten anything within ten miles of us. By degrees the noises died away on the hill-side, and all was quiet, save for a shrill shout now and then, or the distant yelp of some excited cur.

Whether it was the cheer, or the heat, or the unwanted tumbler of bitter beer in the middle of the day, I know not, but gradually the scene faded from before my eyes, and the beauties of nature and the excitement of leopard-hunting were alike forgotten. How long I lay slumbering I do not know. At last I dreamed that I was at home in England, sitting on the edge of a quarry, and watching the workmen preparing for a blast. All was ready at last, and I saw the puff of smoke, the heave up of the stones, and the report reached my ear. At the same moment, however, a huge mass of rock, I thought, flew up high in the air, and fell right down upon me. I awoke with a start. Sure enough, something had fallen on me, for I could not move, and felt as if choking. For a moment I could not remember where I was, or imagined what had happened to me; but as I gazed I saw that my burden was a huge leopard, which was standing with his forepaws on my chest. Fortunately he paid little attention to me, and I was too much prostrated by the shock to be able to move a finger. The blood was dripping from a wound near his shoulder, and he was growling savagely, and looking round toward the jungle whence arose the shouts of the beaters. Scarcely had I seen all this when I heard a well-known voice exclaim, "Steady, Bristow; steady for a moment!" The leopard gave a louder growl, and seemed about to move his position, when there came a sharp report, a sharper whizz, and the beast sank down right across me. He struggled convulsively for a second or two, and then I do not know what happened, for, though I suppose I ought to be ashamed to say it, I fainted clean away. When I recovered I found my friend bathing my face, and his servant trying to wipe away the blood from my clothes.

My friend, it appeared, had beaten the jungles for hours, and, having given up all hope of seeing the leopard, was returning to join me, when the dogs had driven the brute out of a small, deep, thickly-wooded ravine, close by our halting-place. He was within twenty yards of me when he wounded the beast, and on reaching the edge of the jungle was horrified to see my position, as he did not know whether I had been thrown down by the wounded leopard, or pounced upon as I lay sleeping. All he could do, however, he did, and well, too, for the leopard had not life enough left in him to give me even a scratch.

That is my first and last hunting expedition in India, and I dare say my friend Maclure will think me a great spon when I say that I prefer sport where I can always be sure of being the hunter, and not the hunted.

"And quite right, too, Mr. Bristow," said Mrs. Langworth.

"Especially when you cannot hit a haystack at twenty yards," added Maclure in a lower tone.



LANDMARKS OF THE METROPOLIS.—THE OLD DUTCH BUILDINGS ON CHATHAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Landmarks of the Metropolis—Old Dutch Buildings at the Corner of Pearl and Chatham Streets.

Among the few landmarks in the business part of New York city which the hand of improvement has left untouched during the present century, is the frame building on the corner of Pearl and Chatham streets. The other three corners are graced with high brick structures, and but little now remains in the locality to identify one of the oldest-settled neighborhoods of New Amsterdam. The city palisades, erected in 1745, at the time of the French war, crossed the eminence then known as Catimuts Hill, and through which Chatham street was subsequently cut, before the cows, going to their pasture, laid out crooked Pearl, then designated Queen street. On the corner which we have illustrated, a large gateway was erected for

street, near Broad, Newark, N. J., is one of the most tasteful and spacious of the numerous fine church structures of that city. The material is brown freestone, and both in the exterior and interior it is finished with some degree of elaboration. It is one hundred and seven feet long by seventy-two wide. The corner-stone was laid in 1858, and the whole property is now valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

This congregation is noted for its wealth and numbers, and zeal in all moral and religious movements.

It is the parent of all the other Baptist congregations of Newark, and dates back in its history to 1801, when this sect was first organized in that place. Only eighteen years ago there were but two churches, and the denomination was very feeble, whereas now it is in a most flourishing condition.

The First Church has eight hundred and fifty members, and five hundred children in the Sunday School. Three hundred persons were baptized in one winter. One hundred and seventy young men out of the con-

gregation went into the army at the time of the war. The Rev. Henry Clay Fish, D.D., is the pastor of this church, and not only it, but the Baptist denomination of Newark, are indebted to his exertions for their present prosperity. He is the son of the Rev. Samuel Fish, and was born at Halifax, Vermont, January 27, 1820. He graduated at the Union Theological Seminary, New York, in 1845. In the same year he settled over the First Baptist Church at Somerville, New Jersey, and for eighteen years he has been in his present pastorate. He received his degree of D.D. from Rochester University in 1858. For seventeen years he has been actively connected with the Baptist City Mission of Newark and the New Jersey Baptist Educational Society. He is also a member of the different Boards of the denomination, and for three years was editor of the *Home Evangelist*. He is the author of about one dozen books, essays, and tracts. His most important



REVEREND HENRY CLAY FISH, D.D.

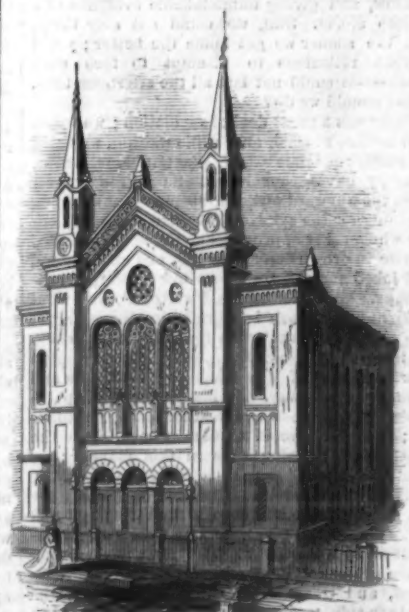
the accommodation of the farmers living beyond the town limits or palisades. The west side of Chatham street, in the immediate vicinity of Pearl, was originally a part of the common town lands, and lay in waste, used only by lime and charcoal-burners, until 1762, when the city surveyor was ordered to lease the lots on Catimuts Hill to the east of the King's highway, for a period of twenty-one years. Between the close of the Revolutionary war and the commencement of the present century, the east side of Chatham street was nearly built up. The old gateway was removed, as well as that part of the palisades which ran along Pearl street, and the low wooden building shown in our illustration was erected in its place.

The First Baptist Church, Academy Street, Newark, N. J., Rev. Henry Clay Fish, D.D. Pastor.

The First Baptist Church, in Academy



HON. TRUMAN C. YOUNGLOVE, SPEAKER OF THE ASSEMBLY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

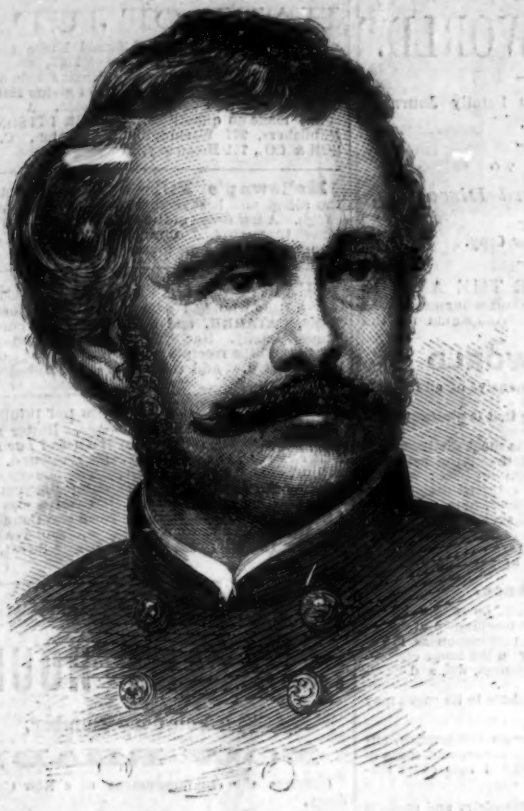


FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, ACADEMY STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

works are, "History and Repository of Pulpit Eloquence," in two volumes, "Pulpit Eloquence of the Nineteenth Century," in one volume, and "Select Discourses, Translated from the German and French, with Biographical Notices," in one volume. He is an elegant and fluent writer. His tracts are written with remarkable power, and have an immense circulation. As a preacher, he ranks with the ablest of his denomination in both learning and eloquence. He has a bold, invincible spirit in upholding morals and religion, and his life has been marked by consistency of personal conduct and unwearied pastoral labor.

AUGUSTUS N. DICKENS.

We give in our present paper a portrait of the late Augustus N. Dickens, to whom the public at-



THE LATE GENERAL LOVELL H. BOURGEOIS.—SEE PAGE 302.

tention has been called by the melancholy death of his widow, which was occasioned, as we detailed in our last paper, by the incautious use of morphine, taken to allay neuralgic pains.

Augustus was the youngest of a remarkable family. He was the son of John and Elizabeth Dickens, who had six children, namely, Fanny, who married a Mr. Burnett; Charles, the great novelist; Letitia, afterward Mrs. Austin; Frederick, a clerk in a Government office in London; Alfred, an engineer; and lastly, the subject of the present memoir.

In 1843 Augustus commenced his commercial life as a clerk in the firm of John Chapman & Co., of Leaden

death of his eldest brother, who reigned concurrently with him, taking the title of Second King of Siam.

The deceased sovereign was a remarkable prince. He united to profound learning qualities that endeared him to his subjects, and to foreigners with whom he had relations. A distinguished philologist, he knew all the dialects of Indo-China, from the Sanscrit to the Thai; he also spoke and wrote with ease in Latin and English. Besides, he was much occupied with astronomical studies, and possessed, in his grand palace of Bangkok, one of the finest and most curious collections of optical and mathematical instruments.

When the Scientific Commission, charged by M. L. Verrier to go and observe the eclipse of the 18th of August last, arrived at Saigon, the King of Siam made known to his Court his intention to assist at the observations of the French savans. On the 10th of August, the king, accompanied by several members of his family, and officials of his Government, disembarked at the port of Wua-Wan, situate not far from the spot indicated as the central point of the axis of the eclipse. Unfortunately, that part of the coast was very unhealthy. Nevertheless, the king and all his court were present at the observations. A few days after the king's return to his capital, he was attacked by an intense fever, and on the 1st of last October he expired, at the age of sixty-four.

As soon as intelligence of his death was published, the Royal Council assembled in solemn session, and it was decreed that, in accordance with the laws of the country, the deceased king not having designated his successor, the natural and direct heir to the throne was his eldest son. The people declared unanimously to the same effect. Consequently, H. R. H. the Prince Somdet Chulalongkorn, whose portrait we publish, was proclaimed First King of Siam and Laos.

An Englishman's Gossip about John Bright.

THERE is afloat in society a story about her Majesty and Mr. Bright very amusing, but not accurate. I have taken some trouble to get a correct version, and have succeeded, and now present it to your readers, who, no doubt, will be pleased to get a peep into what I may call the Inner Life of the Court. Some days ago Mr. Gladstone called upon Mr. Bright, charged with a message to him from the Queen. The message was to the effect—of course I do not pretend to give the words—that her Majesty wished to express the pleasure she felt on learning that Mr. Bright had consented to be a member of the Cabinet; and Mr. Gladstone was further instructed to say that her Majesty had felt sincere gratitude to Mr. Bright for his sympathy with her sorrows, and especially for the manner in which he had expressed his sympathy and defended her at a certain meeting at St. James's Hall. Some day or two afterward Mr. Arthur Helps, Clerk of the Council, visited Mr. Bright to inform him, that, if it would be agreeable to him, and more consonant with his convictions, not to kneel at the ceremony of his

the father of this well-known family, was a fine-hearted, genial old gentleman, with a handsome face and a portly figure; he is chiefly remarkable as being the original of Wilkins Micawber, one of the most characteristic of the irreverent novelist's portraiture.

Charles is, we believe, the only one of the sons now surviving; and the blind lady, about whom so much has been said by the *Chronicles* of the New York Press as being dependent on his charity, is the widow of Alfred, and not of Augustus, who, we can add, from our own personal knowledge, had more of his brother's peculiar genius than any of the family.

The readers of Dickens will remember that his *son de plume*, "Box" was the pet name of his youngest and favorite brother, Augustus.

THE KING OF SIAM.

THE telegraph has transmitted intelligence of the death of the Supreme King of Siam, whose name was *Prasart-Somdet-Chulalongkorn*. The qualification of Supreme, accompanying his name, was due to the fact that he remained sole master of the throne after the

ing hands, her Majesty would in his case be pleased to dispense with the kneeling. Her Majesty knew that members of the Society of Friends honestly object to kneeling to any one except the Supreme Being; and, respecting honest convictions, her Majesty would not insist upon the kneeling part of the ceremony. Mr. Bright went to Court, and kissed her Majesty's hand, having no objection to do that; but did not drop on one knee, as the courtly fashion is. No doubt, as a gentleman he accompanied the kiss with a bow. Bowing the head infracts no rule of the Friends; only bowing the knee. Well, this over, Mr. Bright left the presence, and as he was wandering in the palace, a court official came to him with a message from the Princess Royal (Princess of Prussia). Her Royal Highness wished Mr. Bright to be presented to her. Mr. Bright, of course, went immediately; and he was received graciously. Royal Highness, *loquiter*: "I have been reading your speeches, Mr. Bright, with great pleasure (two volumes lately published). Everybody speaks well of them."

Mr. Bright, in suitable terms, expressed his pleasure, and then spoke thus: "May I be allowed to tell your Royal Highness what I once heard an Ambassador say of you?" Her Royal Highness, with, no doubt, a suitable blush rising on her face, accompanied by laughter—for it is well-known that our Princess is a merry lady—expressed a desire to hear it. "Mr. Buchanan," said Mr. Bright, "once made me this remark, 'Wherever the Princess Royal of England goes, she carries sunshine with her.' And here ended the story, which is a true story, with out paint or any other adornment; and surely every body will allow a very interesting story—one in which every actor's part is performed well."

Mr. Bright is, I suppose, the first Quaker who has been to Court for many years. Not, certainly, the first; for William Penn was often at the Court of James II. But, surely, Mr. Bright is the very first member of the Society of Friends to become a Privy Councillor, a member of the Cabinet, and a right honorable.

In a great speech which Mr. Bright made in the House of Commons, on June 24, 1858, on the Government of India, he made use of these words: "If I were a Minister— which the House will admit is a bold figure of speech." I well remember that the boldness of the figure was recognized by shouts of laughter. Lord Derby was Premier then; and, certainly, it was at that time violently improbable that Mr. Bright would ever be a Cabinet Minister—about as improbable as that in nine years Mr. Disraeli would propose and carry household suffrage; but household suffrage is now the law, a Parliament elected mainly by inhabitant householders is now sitting, and Mr. Bright is a Cabinet Minister. What next, and next?

Hon. Truman C. Younglove, Speaker of the New York Assembly.

MR. YOUNGLOVE, just elected Speaker of the popular branch of the New York Legislature, after a previous service of two sessions as member, was born in Edinburgh, Saratoga county, New York, in 1815. He started life as a tanner, but later devoted himself to the law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1847. The profession, however, seems to have been rather an *aride* with him, as we soon find him in control of that magnificent water-power of the Mohawk river at Cohoes. Under his management the utilization of that great source of wealth was developed to its present proportions. Mr. Young-

love is now President and Trustee of the Clifton Company, besides holding other important and useful local positions. In 1865, he was elected to the Assembly, and very appropriately made Chairman of the Committee on Trade and Manufactures. Elected again the following year, he was placed on the Railway Committee, in which he did good service. A man of pure character, undisputed integrity, clear and patriotic convictions, genial manners, sound judgment, and a lucid and forcible orator, commanding the respect and confidence of all parties, he is eminently fitted for his present position—the probable stepping-stone to higher honors.



THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE, BRITISH PREMIER.

STATUETTE OF "MUSIDORA."

THE sculptor, Mr. Theed, in this charming statuette, illustrates a scene from Thomson's "Seasons," describing, as follows, Musidora bathing:

"Bathe on, my fair!
Yet unheeded save by the sacred eye
Of faithful love. I go to guard thy haunt,
To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
And each licentious eye."

This statuette was among the works of art at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1868, and is offered to subscribers to the Crystal Palace Art Union of London.



THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

Hall street, one of the wealthiest mercantile establishments in London, where he remained for some years. He afterward engaged in commercial speculations, which, resulting disastrously, he emigrated to this country in 1855, bringing with him his wife, whose death occurred in Chicago, as related, leaving behind her three children, Bertram, Adrian and Amy.

On his arrival in Chicago, Augustus N. Dickens was engaged as a clerk on the Central Railroad, a position which he filled for over ten years, with perfect satisfaction to his employers. He died about two years since, in his forty-second year, after a short illness.

It may not be amiss to state here that John Dickens,



"MUSIDORA," BY W. THEED, FOR THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART UNION.



RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT.

The New British Cabinet—The Premier, Right Hon. William E. Gladstone; The Earl of Clarendon; Right Hon. John Bright.

We give the portraits of three of the members of the new Cabinet, selecting, besides the Premier, the Earl of Clarendon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who succeeds Lord Stanley, and with whom our Minister, Beverdy Johnson, will have to deal, and Mr. John Bright, whose name and fame are familiar to the people of this country.

The Right Hon. William E. Gladstone, First Lord of



THE LATE AUGUSTUS M. DICKENS.



SOMDET-CHULALONGKORN, THE NEW KING OF SIAM AND LAOS.

the Treasury, was born at Liverpool, December 29, 1803. He was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1824. His political career dates from his attaching himself to the Conservative party, led by Sir Robert Peel, by whom he was appointed a Lord of the Treasury in December, 1834. In January, 1836, he was transferred to the office of Under-Secretary for the Colonies, which he held only until April, when Lord Melbourne was returned to power. In May, 1848, he became President of the Board of Trade, and on the vacation of the office of Secretary of State for the Colonies by the Earl of Derby, he succeeded to that position. Under the Aberdeen Ministry, in 1852, Mr. Gladstone was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, a post which he held until February, 1855. When Lord Palmerston returned to power in June, 1859, Mr. Gladstone accepted his former position as Chancellor of the Exchequer, which he held until the Liberal Ministry was broken up, June, 1866.

The Earl of Clarendon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is the oldest member of the present Cabinet. He was born January 24, 1800, and at an early age entered the diplomatic service, being employed both in Ireland and abroad. When the Whigs returned to office in 1846, he was assigned the Presidency of the Board of Trade, but a few months after he became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In 1853 he took the seals of the Foreign Office in the Aberdeen Ministry, which office he retained during the administration of Lord Palmerston. On Lord Russell's accession to the Premiership, in October, 1855, Lord Clarendon returned to his former post in the Foreign Office, and went out of office with the Liberal party in the following summer.

Mr. John Bright, President of the Board of Trade, was born in 1811, and when twenty years of age took an active part in the Reform agitation. In 1847 he was returned to the House of Commons from Manchester, England, a city which he represented ten years. Between the time of his election for Manchester and the accession of Lord Derby to power, Mr. Bright was actively at work, both in Parliament and on the platform. His unwearied efforts in the cause of reform are too widely known to need recapitulation now. It will be sufficient to say that he has lived to see one after another of the measures he has advocated adopted by the Government of the day, whether Liberal or Conservative.

The late Major-General Lovell H. Rousseau.

MAJOR-GENERAL LOVELL H. ROUSSEAU, Commander of the Department of the South, died at the headquarters of his department, in New Orleans, on Friday, January 23rd, after a brief but painful illness.

He was born in Lincoln county, Kentucky, August 4, 1818. In 1841 he removed to Indiana and engaged in the practice of the law. He took an interest in politics, and was elected three times to each branch of the Legislature. He entered the army in the Mexican war, and held the rank of captain. In 1850 he moved to Louisville. In 1860 he received a unanimous election to the Senate of Kentucky, and served during the stormy session of 1861. He then resigned and raised a regiment for the war. In October he was appointed Brigadier-General, and won honorable mention for gallantry at the battle of Shiloh. He also took part in the principal subsequent engagements; and in October, 1862, in consideration of his distinguished gallantry and good service at the battle of Perryville, was commissioned as Major-General. In 1864 he made a raid into the heart of Alabama with great credit. The next year he was elected to the House of Representatives as a "Union man," and took sides with the Democrats. He made himself conspicuous by an assault upon Mr. Grinnell, of Iowa, in 1866, and was censured by order of the House. He resigned, and was re-elected. In 1867 he was commissioned Brigadier-General in the regular army, and assigned to service in Alaska. President Johnson afterward placed him in command at New Orleans in place of Gen. Sheridan.

Gen. Rousseau was one of the finest-looking men in the army. He was tall, portly, of regular and pleasing features, and dignified in his bearing. He was a fair but not remarkable speaker; and though a popular politician in his own State, and an average lawyer, his reputation will always rest on the loyalty that led him to organize Kentucky troops while other Kentuckians were prating of neutrality, and on the courage with which he led his command through some of the most bloody battles of the war.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE best head-quarters—Brains.
A MENTAL RESERVATION—A lunatic asylum.
OPEN-AIR SERVICES—Police duties.
WHEN is a lady's hair like news? When it is found in morning papers.
THE monogram mania has seized all sorts of people, and so has the money-grab mania.
WHAT goes most against a farmer's grain? His moving machine.
WATCHING places that remain open all winter—the mouths of milk-cans.
PLAIN enjoyment—Sheridan's manner of passing the Indian Summer.

It will come to that pass, one of these days, that the hungriest man will be sent over as Minister to England.

"MARRIAGE" said an unfortunate husband, "is the churchyard of love."
"And you men," replied his wife, "are the grave-diggers."

A SCOTCH landlady, being told by a customer that he hoped she put no pernicious ingredients into her liquor, retorted:

"There's nae thing pernicious put into our barrels but the exciseman's stick."

EPITAPH on a tombstone in Western Pennsylvania:

Here I lie, and what is rather rare,
I was bred, born, and hang'd in this 'ere parish.

THERE is a good reason why a little man should never marry a bouncing widow. He might be called "the widow's mite."

AN irate mother, on being asked why she whipped her children so much, replied:

"To make them smart."

A FRENCHMAN, writing a letter in English to a friend, and looking in the dictionary for the word "preserve," and finding it meant to pickle, wrote as follows:

"May you and your family be pickled to all eternity."

"WHERE shall I put this paper so as to be sure of seeing it to-morrow?" inquired Mary Jane, of her brother Charles.

"On the looking-glass," was her brother's reply.

A MAN seeing an oyster-vender pass by, called out:
"Give us a pound of oysters."
"We sell oysters by measure, not by weight," was the oysterman's reply.
"Very well," said the other, "then I'll take a yard of them."

THE latest natural curiosity is a dog which has a whistle growing at the end of his tail. He calls himself when wanted.

IT is a remarkable fact, that although common sheep delight in verdant fields, religious flocks are not anxious for green pastures.

"I DON'T believe it's any use, this vaccination," said a Yankee. "I had a child vaccinated, and he fell out of a window a week after, and got killed."

"WHY do women expend so much time and money on dress?" asked a gentleman of a Newport belle.

"To worry other women," was the diabolic but truthful reply.

A PIOUS old clergyman, while wending his way to his church one Sunday morning, caught sight of the two sons of one of his parishioners going into the woods, evidently for the purpose of hunting. Feeling certain that anything like direct remonstrance with the young gentlemen themselves would scarcely turn them from their ways, he waited until after preaching, and sought the old gentleman, their father. After recounting the circumstances of meeting Billy and Sammy, as he had done, he closed an affecting appeal by inquiring of their father why they had not been "brought up in the fear of the Lord?"

"Fear of the Lord, parson—fear of the Lord! Why, therv! They're so 'fraid of him now, they dassent go out Sunday without double-baril shot-guns on their shoulders!"

THE following is told about a big, whisky-guzzling fellow, who came home one night drunk, and sat down by the fire to warm his feet, which were regular "worm-killers." After dosing some time, he awoke chilly; the embers were entirely hid from view, and seeing his feet, mistook them for his little boy, when with a majestic wave of the hand, he said:
"Stand aside, my little son, and let your poor father warm himself."

A NEW ORLEANS policeman, before light the other morning, came upon a stranger pacing before the station-house, and on inquiry, found that he had been doing the same all night, waiting for a lady.
"She's a good while in coming, ain't she?" said the officer.

"Yes; but, poor thing, she ain't to blame; they've got her locked up there," pointing to the station, "and as soon as she gets out, we're going to get married. She's got a lottery ticket, and I found out last night it had drawn a pile. She's no ideas of it, you know."

A YOUNG graduate of a Theological Seminary, having passed the usual examination, and received his commission to go forth and preach the gospel, made his debut after the following manner:
"Brethren and Sisters, ladies and gentlemen, if I had the world for a pulpit the stars for an audience, my head towering far above the loftiest clouds, my arms swinging throughout immensity, and my tongue sending forth the clarion notes of a Gabriel, I'd set one foot on Greenland's icy mountains, and the other on India's coral strand, and—and—Id—Id—I'd howl like a wolf!"

MANY a philosopher who thought he had an exact knowledge of the whole human race has been miserably cheated in the choice of a wife.

A FRENCH horse-dealer was asked if an animal which he offered for sale was timid.
"Not at all," said he; "he often passes many nights by himself in the stable."

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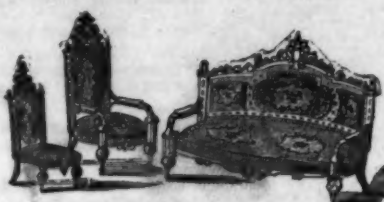
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